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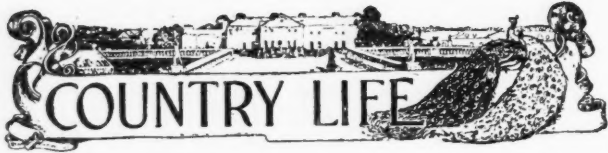
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MISS ALICE HUGHES,

LADY MARJORIE GREVILLE.

52, Gower Street,



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustration: Lady Marjorie Greville ...	873, 874
The Duty Nearest to Us ...	874
Country Notes... ..	875
Children and Animals (Illustrated) ...	877
Gainsborough as Landscape Painter ...	879
Miss Minton ...	880
From the Farms. (Illustrated) ...	880
O'er Field and Furrow ...	881
Stalking Stags in the Alps. (Illustrated) ...	882
Dew-ponds for Cape Colony ...	885
Landscape Bookplates. (Illustrated) ...	886
In the Garden ...	888
Gardens Old and New: Lanhydrock. (Illustrated) ...	890
The Irish Erne ...	896
Autumn Moths. (Illustrated) ...	897
Snow Scenes and Winter Landscape. (Illustrated) ...	899
On the Green ...	902
Lady Diana Beauclerk. (Illustrated) ...	904
Some New Zealand Trout. (Illustrated) ...	905
Correspondence ...	907

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THE DUTY . . . NEAREST TO US.

IN a season like the present it behoves those who own lands and houses in the country to do more than they usually do for others at Christmas, for it is the end of a very discouraging year, and the hearts of those who draw their livelihood from the fields are, colloquially speaking, in the soles of their boots. If one's circumstances are depressed, these short and melancholy December days, falling like dead leaves from the year, are calculated to deepen the melancholy. In sunshine it is much easier to put a bold front on things, but when the sky is clouded, and the eternal rain never seems to stop, and the long nights seem hurrying one upon another, leaving no time for work, Mark Tapley himself might be excused for feeling discouraged. Moreover, the ordinary fields of activity have been entirely closed. There are few things more miserable than to have the knowledge that much work should be done, and yet be unable to attack it. Yet this has been exactly the position of the British farmer for some time. Driving through the country, one passes field after field covered over with water, so that it looks as though a boat would be a more appropriate means of conveyance than a carriage; or if not actually submerged, the ground is so waterlogged that to work it is impossible. Hence the agriculturist has had to stand with folded arms gazing out on eternal water where his plough should have been at work. It is of very little use to waste time in grief or lamentation, yet it is human nature to do so; and the business of those who are not so immediately pressed by the

famine of the year, is to do their utmost to cheer and encourage those who are. Shakespeare never wrote truer lines than those in the vagrant's song: "A merry heart goes all the day, Your sad tires in a mile-a"; and the poorest of us can, at least, do something, if not to increase the merriment, at least to lessen the gloom of the country-side. At such a time the general tendency is to give way to the feeling of depression, and abandon the merry-makings which seem so much more appropriate to a period of prosperity.

For this reason, we hope not only that the usual Christmas observances will be kept up this year, but that the blackness of the look-out will only inspire those concerned to put additional energy and go into their jollity. Let everyone resolve that he who, Horace tells us, always sits behind the horseman will be forgotten for the moment. There are times when, like Banquo, to bear things like a man you must feel them like a man, but it is also possible, with a resolute effort of will, to set embarrassment aside, and for the sake of others, if not for one's own sake, to be gay and jolly. It has been surmised by the philosophers that the original invention of Christmas was a device to obviate the vast number of suicides that might otherwise have taken place in what the Scotch call the "howe" of the year. The spirit was one of rebellion against the dejection brought on by clouds and rain and darkness and the other accompaniments of December. It, therefore, wants to be conjured back at the present day; and what makes us most anxious is that, above all, Christmas is a feast for the younger part of the population. Being a family feast, it soon begins to have painful associations, even for those who cannot be called middle-aged, far less old. There are too many empty chairs of fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters for it to be an entirely pleasing function, yet it has long been a good tradition for the elder people to set their personal feelings aside and join in the mirth and merriment as frankly and fully as they did when the world for them, too, was young. That unselfish way of thinking more of the enjoyment of others than of one's own is much needed at this Yuletide, and we are sure it will not be found wanting. Many a maiden, singing, will decorate hall and farmhouse with holly and mistletoe; many of the staid and old will enter into the games that please the youths, and, in spite of all, Christmas will be merry as was wont. We refer, of course, more particularly to the country. The townsman is growing too sophisticated for these simple pleasures, which, he thinks, savour of the bucolic.

One institution in particular will, we hope, be thoroughly kept up this year, and this is the feasting by the lord of the manor or other owner of the tenants and workpeople on his estate. It is a bad feature of the time that the tendency is for the contract between man and master to be one of cash only. The modern employer when he has paid his wages imagines that his responsibility ceases. The labouring man when he gathers his tools to trudge home in the dusk is equally sure that he owes no more. But in olden times such ideas would have been regarded as barbarous. In addition to wages the rich man gave protection and kindness in time of need. If sickness befel his poor neighbour, or if misfortune overtook him, his was always a helping hand. Similarly the faithful servant gave not only a certain amount of work to his master, but also love and loyalty, and classes were not divided so absolutely as they are to-day. The squire's son and the ploughman's boy played together, and often took their lessons together. At rural festivities the tenant-farmer, the gamekeeper, and the butler danced and played games with the ladies of the house. But recently social differences have been accentuated. The rich man's child is never out of the hands of governesses and tutors and schoolmasters, so that he has no opportunity of making acquaintance with those little urchins of the cottage who will subsequently be his labourers and his tenants, and accordingly he does not understand them. Your modern Eton boy, although in many respects a miracle, is so much a miracle that he seems more like a little old man than a schoolboy, and does not in the slightest know the personal equation of the peasant urchin. He lives, as far as amusement is concerned, in a world of records and averages, and plays for name and reputation, till he does not understand what playing for fun means. Without lamenting over this, it is open to all of us to do our best to remedy it. Nothing is more calculated to do this than those merry-makings at Christmas in which it is still the fashion for people of all classes to meet on equal terms; and we earnestly trust that everything will be done in every parish in the kingdom to give to each and all a "Merry Christmas."

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Marjorie Greville, the daughter of the Earl of Brooke and Warwick, whose fiancé, Lord Helmsley, came by an unfortunate accident lately.



IN time, perhaps, we may become accustomed to the method of burial chosen by Mr. Herbert Spencer, and more frequently adopted in France than in England. Even the word "burial" is out of place, as the remains were cremated at Golder's Green. Every detail had been previously arranged by the philosopher. The company present, as far as we can see from the printed lists, contained more women than men, and instead of the noble and solemn burial service of the Church of England, an address was given by Mr. Leonard Courtney. In time, probably, even those who are materialists in doctrine will find that it is best to have a ritual for the dead. They will not better the old decree, which conveys no antipathy to their doctrine, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," or, in the almost equally noble words of Shakespeare, "All lovers must consign to thee, and come to dust." Mr. Courtney's speech was no doubt very fine, but it is not in every case or in every mouth that a discussion of man's place in Nature and the purpose and end of things would be appropriate at a funeral. Life in its earlier stages knows nothing of mourning, but as civilisation grows more complex, so does the passion of love and its complement sorrow for the dead increase. Where these are present, how dreary must be the deepest philosophising!

It was meet and fitting that the great writer and thinker should die as he had lived, plain Herbert Spencer. He consistently refused every University honour offered to him, and the fact that so many of our most distinguished men regard University honours in the same light ought to teach something to those who give them. We know of no case in recent years where a University has been able to discover genius and be first to recognise it. On the contrary, honorary degrees appear to be given in many cases either from influence, or after the time has come when it is rather the University than the recipient that is honoured. As a consequence many of our very greatest men have preferred to be known simply by their names, as, for instance, John Morley, who, if he had been in England, was to have pronounced the funeral oration, Thomas Carlyle, Charles Darwin, Thomas Huxley, John Tyndall. On the other hand, the most illustrious man loses a little by accepting degrees or titles. Lord Tennyson's admirers would have preferred that he should have remained plain Alfred to the end of the chapter.

In the person of Lord Stanley of Alderley there has just passed away a fine example of the best class of English landlord. Perhaps the best testimony ever given to his merit in this respect was during the great depression that began in the early nineties. He was perfectly willing to reduce the rents of his Welsh tenants, but they met together, and in a body declared that, as he had not raised his rents when other landlords were raising theirs, they would not ask for an abatement when times had changed. He was one of those landlords who knew everybody on his estate as intimately as if they were of his own family, and many a time he used, half humorously, to defend the sport of shooting to the present writer, on the ground that it was the best way of gaining familiarity with the soil. "When you have to wade through this," he would say, pointing to a marshy field, "then you are more likely to listen to a request for more drainage." Until within a few years ago he was an excellent shot, and though he did not rear much, he had some good partridge-shooting in Cheshire, and there was always a fair show of pheasants round Penrhos.

Lord Stanley had many pleasant little fads, which nearly all worked out for the good of his tenants. He was extremely fond of seeing a good dairy, and spent a great deal of money on tiles with the prettiest pictures on them. Most of all did he love that of a chubby little infant of four with a prodigious whip driving a heavy team. This decorates the walls of several of his dairies. Although not personally strong on doctrine, he was sufficiently liberal-minded to devote a large

share of his income to the restoration of churches and the provision of adequate incomes for the many parsons on his estate. He held that a great landowner, after having made a moderate provision for the comfort and the fair amount of luxury to which he was entitled, ought to spend the remainder of his income on his estate. And whatever may have been the case in the last year or two of his life, he religiously carried out this idea previously. He was also keen on cottage-building, and perhaps some of our readers may remember that on one occasion we showed in our pages illustrations of houses he had built. They were remarkable not so much for their beauty as for their economy. He did not build to decorate the country-side, but to benefit his people. Indeed, none of his own buildings was showy in character, though age has lent Penrhos a beauty of its own. On the whole it would be difficult to point to one who more thoroughly fulfilled the duties of his station.

The Emperor of Germany is to be congratulated on what appears to be a complete recovery from his illness. Temporary seclusion seems to have set him thinking with more than usual vigour. One morning early this week he received the President and Vice-President of the Reichstag, and his conversation ranged far and wide. He spoke of China, and referred to Kiao-Chow. He thinks that the German Empire should take care to maintain its influence overseas. He urged the advisability of growing cotton in South Africa, and then delivered a little essay on the future of potato spirit as fuel for motors, all of which shows that he is as keenly alive as ever to the various interests of his people, and that his is really the directing mind of German industry. There can be no doubt whatever that in these casual remarks he, to employ commercial slang, "touched on two good lines," and we may be sure the manufacturers will be quick enough to catch at his hints.

AN OLD MAID.

God's Acre marks another stone
Above its green and quiet slumber,
For, sweet Miss Patience, you are gone,
And Heaven another saint may number.
No longer down the village street
You pass and lighten half its burden;
The children run in vain to greet
The smile they deemed so dear a guerdon.
Ah! we shall miss you from your place,
Who held, perchance, your gentle spirit,
Your quaint old-fashioned words and face,
Too cheap to measure half their merit.
Your strength of soul, your depth of thought,
Ruled, guided, yet offended no man,
For all your power was schooled and brought
Within the gentlest scope of woman.
But Death unveils for us to see
The fulness of your ministration,
The silence of your charity,
Your life, a simple, sweet oblation.
Scoffers may hold you up to mirth,
And cynics, if it please them, doubt you;
But we who knew you best on earth
Felt that you carried Heaven about you.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

Sir Harry Johnston, whose interesting book on "British Mammals" we hope to review in next week's issue, is much concerned at the disappearance of so many of the British fauna, and has made a very interesting suggestion, which, if carried out, might possibly be instrumental in arresting it. This is, that Achill Island should be acquired by the nation and turned into a sanctuary for wild creatures. Achill Island has an area of ninety-five square miles, and is included within the County of Mayo. A causeway connects it with the mainland. It takes about 20½ hours to get to it from London. Sir Harry Johnston would not interfere with the indigenous population, who could carry on their fishing and their agriculture without disturbing the wild animals, but he would issue an edict against gunners of all kinds, and would not allow "sportsmen" to shoot the seals that haunt the caves and rocks round Achill. We seem to realise an enchanting picture of this paradise of wild life, where the deer and the wild goat, the fox and the badger, the eagle, raven, swan, gull, and chough, would all live in harmony together.

If this scheme were carried out, the island of Achill would gain enormous attractions for an increasing number of people who are able to enjoy the beauties of Nature and watch the wild creatures without feeling tempted to kill them. The climate is very mild, and in addition to the interest attaching to the animals the scenery is of remarkable beauty. The hills rise to 2,000ft., and, facing the Atlantic, show splendid and rugged cliffs. Round about

are numerous sites of prehistoric villages; there are pleasing woodlands on the island, and Sir Harry Johnston says its wild flowers are of great interest and beauty, while black and white goats, that may have descended from a domestic breed, run wild on the hills. A meeting is shortly to be held at the British Museum to organise a movement for the preservation of our fauna, and we hope that Mr. E. N. Buxton, to whose exertions it is mainly due, will lend a favourable ear to this very practical and sensible scheme of Sir Harry Johnston's. We know of no alternative that would meet the case so well.

The great Christmas Cattle Market held at Smithfield early in the week has for some years back shown signs of decay. If we go back as far as 1863 we find that the extraordinary number of 10,000 fat beasts were shown, and twenty years later there were still 8,000; but latterly this number has dropped to between 3,000 and 4,000, and the prices have also shown a slight falling away, though nothing like to the extent that might have been expected from the vast importation of foreign meat. In the first-mentioned year prices ranged from 3s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. per 8lb., while on Monday they were from 3s. to about 4s. 8d. For the best beef it is evident that the Scottish Aberdeen-Angus is still the favourite, while Devons are a good second, with Norfolks third, and Herefords fourth, Lincolns and Dublins bringing up the rear. The difference, however, is not very great, and it is certain that this country is still able to provide the very best beef in the world. Nor does the falling off in this market imply in the slightest degree that there is any decrease in consumption. It is only that we are changing our methods of shopping as regards beef. The sheep were just about as plentiful as ever.

In literary circles considerable excitement has been caused by the announcement that some time in the spring the manuscripts of John Milton will be sold at Sotheby's. We wonder if that of "Paradise Lost" is to be included, because, were this manuscript to go to the United States, fate would have played one of its most ironic tricks. It was originally disposed of by the poet for the sum of £5, in itself a lasting disgrace to the British nation, which, if it has not stoned its prophets, has invariably neglected them. And now when the precious document is going to be put up to auction, we may be practically certain that unless pressure from without is applied, the authorities will not take the trouble to secure it and others for the nation. They will allow some rich American to step in, as they have done so often in regard to our most valued treasures. It is across the Atlantic that we must go if we would see many of the greatest achievements, the most perfect masterpieces, of British art. So with these relics of our great poet. They, too, will go to "the States" unless the indignant exhortations of Mr. Sidney Lee and other accomplished scholars should produce an effect.

A very curious circumstance was pointed out by Sir Forrest Fulton in opening the Old Bailey for the present Sessions. We regret to read what the judges on circuit have been saying, namely, that crime in the provinces has recently been increasing to an enormous extent; and the moralists, who are ever ready to find reasons for every phenomenon, have been busy attributing this, some to an after-effect of the war, others to the consequences of cooping people up in towns instead of letting them enjoy the freedom of the country. It is very singular that while this is the case in the provinces, the Recorder at the Old Bailey had one of the lightest calendars to deal with, and was able to give the pleasing information that nearly all classes of crime had shown of late a tendency to decrease. This is a very great compliment to the civilisation of London, and points to the fact that education and the association of individuals will in time become the true exterminator of crime.

Mr. Croxton Smith, the honorary secretary of the Bloodhound Breeders' Association, has been giving his views on bloodhounds as assistants to the detective. He showed the practical difficulties in the way of tracking criminals by bloodhounds. Clothing does not retain its scent for a very great length of time, and the dog would be as liable to catch the scent of the policeman who had handled him as of the man who had worn it. Then, again, if the fugitive ran across an area like Millwall Docks, the line of scent would be crossed and recrossed a thousand times in the course of a few hours. Mr. Croxton Smith is not far wrong, therefore, when he describes the task that would be set the hounds as belonging to the supernatural as far as towns are concerned. In the country, however, the burglar might possibly be traced by this means, and, indeed, they have been successfully worked already. He gave an instance of a man living at Arkley, near Barnet, who had some of his poultry stolen, whereupon he borrowed two or three hounds from Mr. Mudie's kennel, and promptly traced the thief to a gipsy encampment in the neighbourhood. In connection with this the district police inspector has asked Mr. Mudie for facilities for trying the hounds on a future occasion.

Dr. Forbes Winslow has been writing on the competition of the sexes, and he thinks that the time is rapidly coming when women will occupy every kind of post, from the Bar upwards. By the Bar we mean the legal profession, not that other bar wherefrom many are inclined to exclude women. We do not think the male sex need be greatly alarmed at the prospect. Even those who do not accept their Bible as religiously as did their ancestors, are aware of the deep human truth of its utterances, and it was of the man that it was said, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." From the days of primitive man, when the male hunted and the female carried his implements, generation after generation has deepened the masculine instinct to labour. It is work alone that satisfies his conscience. But of the woman it was said with an equally penetrating truthfulness, "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." These are the words of the oldest book in the world, and, curiously enough, they might be accepted as a summary of a work composed by one of our latest and most brilliant philosophers. They express the central facts which speculators of the order of Dr. Forbes Winslow are accustomed to overlook.

SOUTH-WIND.

I would no longer fret and pine
For sights divine,
Past London town,
Where smokeless skies make blue the ways
And end the days
In evenings brown;
I would not wanton with Love's dream,
By lonely stream
Or barren down,
If, as to-day, Love's South-wind blew
The winter through
In London town.

LILIAN STREET.

For the last two summers, to the disappointment of numerous persons deprived of one of the most enjoyable means of transit and pleasantest methods of seeing London, there have been no penny steamboats plying on the Thames. It is much to be hoped that now that one Bill, if not two, is coming before Parliament for the resuscitation of this once-popular passenger service, Londoners and their visitors will not see very many more months go by before these river omnibuses are once more plying as of old. It seems an astonishing thing to those familiar with the excellent river services in scores of great cities abroad, that in the most populous city of all, where the means of communication are admittedly inadequate to the needs of the population, no use is made at present of the magnificent thoroughfare with which the Thames provides us. It is true that the Thames is a tidal river, with a foreshore which, before the days of embankments, interposed a sort of no-man's-land between the great thoroughfares and its own waterway, and that London has consequently turned its back to a great extent upon it in the course of its growth, so that most of the busiest routes run in different directions altogether. But it is very difficult to believe that, in spite of pier-dues and all the other impediments which have been alleged, it would be really impossible under good management and in the summer months to make a cheap steamboat service a paying business concern.

Mr. R. E. Foster has covered himself with glory in Australia. In the first Test Match he made a gigantic innings of 287, which easily beats all records made in previous matches between England and Australia. This exceeded the entire total made by the Australians in their first innings. The previous best scores by individuals were 211 by W. L. Murdoch in 1884, and 201 by S. E. Gregory in 1894. It was not a one man's innings either, as the English team made a total of 577, one more than their previous best at the Oval in 1899, and only 9 below the record Australian innings of 586 made on the Sydney Oval in 1894, on which occasion, *absit omen*, England won by 10 runs. The match is not concluded as we write, but the Australians are playing up well, and it is just possible that history may repeat itself.

The question that it occurs to ask on looking at the programme of cricket matches for 1904 recently arranged at Lord's, is how they all are to be included within the space of what we call the summer? Besides the recognised matches for the county championship, Gentlemen and Players, and so on, there are two extraneous elements, so to speak of them, altogether—the South Africans and the Indians. Add to these the new county tournament, on the "knock-out" principle, which, we take it, is sure of being a popular success, and we shall find that though the entries for the last-named are limited to sixteen, for the first year at all events, the entire programme is a tremendously heavy one. There are some points of novelty worth noticing but we hope to comment upon them in a future issue. The most important of these is that of

our great matches being played to a finish. But that is not a change that will help us to get quickly through a big programme, though it is to be observed, and observed with satisfaction, that it is proposed to prolong the season till mid-September.

A very great many people in the country hang out cocoanuts for the tits, in order to have the fun of seeing these small acrobats come and balance themselves and cling on and peck so cleverly as they do; but this season the tits do not appear to appreciate the delicacy hanging for them nearly as much as in harder winters—speaking of the season so far as it has gone. The blue tit and the great tit, that are usually the most frequent peckers at the cocoanuts, seem to be despising them altogether. The only kind that is showing any appreciation is the rather less common marsh tit, but perhaps the chief reason that he is often at the nuts is that the other two kinds, which are his masters, do not want them. It is all, of course, a sign of the mildness of the times, and the plenty of food for these omnivorous small people.

To retain fleetness of foot up to the age of forty is a gift of the gods that is not bestowed liberally; but clearly it is the portion of Mr. H. H. Minton, who won the 120 Yards Strangers' Race at the recent sports of Hertford College, Oxford, in very good time, with a start of 14yds. from the scratch man. Two years ago, curiously enough, Mr. Minton won the 100 Yards Race at the Hertford College sports, and was then receiving 12yds. start. It is evident that by putting on a yard for each year the handicappers never will overtake Mr. Minton. He ran in the sprint race for Oxford in the Inter-University sports of 1885.

It is not often that primroses are so plentiful in the woods, especially in the new clearings, so late in the year as we find them this season. Those who have been covert-shooting in the South will have seen them studding all the ground of the copses up to the middle of December, and showing little buds that promise to bloom right on to Christmas. They have most successfully survived the few nights of frost that came in the midst of so much wet, mild weather.

CHILDREN AND ANIMALS.

IN that part of the education of children which is informal and unconscious the treatment of animals forms a most important feature. More frequently in it than anywhere else is the foundation of bad taste laid. There is a class of people whose interest in the lower forms of life seems entirely centred on the amount of trickery they can witness. We have all seen certain miserable pets which are sometimes put into the hands of children. Let us take one or two by way of illustration. There is first the unfortunate squirrel kept in a cage and made to turn a wheel, which he often does with so much frantic madness that he brings on consumption and dies. That is absolutely the wrong sort of squirrel for a child to have. If, on the other hand, a squirrel be taken from its nest within a week or two of its birth, and handed over, as it very well may be, to a cat to nurse, it will grow up on the most familiar terms with its little master or mistress, climb about his or her body, eat nuts from the hand, and indulge



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

ON INTIMATE TERMS.

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in all sorts of play and frolic. But there is one important condition attached to this—that the owner's kindness be unvarying.

A pet animal gives its trust fully to those it loves, but its confidence, if once lost, is very hard to regain. A clever child soon finds this out, and there is no better training possible than that of trying always to be gentle and kind.

Another wretched example of a so-called pet is the unhappy bird, usually a siskin or a redpoll, which has been taught to draw its water from a tiny well by means of a bucket, and to drag its food along a miniature tramway. The condemnation of these accomplishments is that the only way to teach them is the way of starvation. The right method of getting a child to make a pet is to make it have no other claim on the bird except that of affection. Most of us who happen to have been born in the country, when we were children have brought up tiny nestlings by hand, and we know by experience that success in this is a matter of attention and unfailing gentleness. A parent bird, during



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A FEW OATS.

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the feeding season, carries food to the nest about once every four or five minutes, according to observations that have been very carefully taken, and with young things the rule is, feed them often and with only a little at a time—a rule whose value is known to every poultry-keeper. An intelligent boy or girl is quite keen to do this as soon as the way is pointed out, and without being in the slightest degree conscious of it, will, during the time in which this process is going on, be using a self-control that becomes of the utmost value after. And the tiny bird so brought up, even when it can fly, will need no cage whatever. It will look upon its possessor as a natural defender, and be only too happy to perch on his finger or fly to him at a moment of danger. It will have no artificial accomplishments, but, nevertheless, will delight all who look on by the display of those natural airs and graces that seem to belong by birth-right to the bird. The very same principle may be applied to the common and most intelligent of all human companions—the dog. To see a wretched terrier lie down dead at the word of command, hold a pipe in its mouth, shoulder a musket, or perform any similar trick, is simply an atrocity, and it is through this that the vulgar taste comes on which thrive the caterers of the least useful part of the usual music-hall programme. No one whose taste has been formed in a proper and healthy manner could possibly take any delight in those wretched circus dogs that run up and down ladders, hop on their hind feet, stand on their heads, and go through many other degrading exercises. It is as bad to see a monkey dressed up as a waiter, or to watch the performances of those mangy and servile lions that are used for the showman's purpose. But if, on the contrary, a child is taught to observe and appreciate the natural gifts of the dog, to note his intelligence, his power of scent and eye, his gambols and natural tricks, he thereby obtains an insight into animal life that will be a source of pleasure to him as long as he lives, and be greater in age than it was in youth. It may be laid down as a first principle that a boy's dog should be master of no artificial tricks whatever, though we might make one exception, and that is begging. Some little terriers appear almost to inherit the tendency to this, as much so as a pointer is born with a kind of instinct towards pointing.

Another very good rule is not to let children keep any creature whatever in a cage or box. A bird that is allowed to fly about is a much more beautiful object to watch than one



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A GOOD UNDERSTANDING.

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kept in a cage, and whoever has been at a bird show and seen English birds shut up in tiny cages, flapping their wings and making a dolorous attempt to sing, must recognise that this method of keeping pets is barbarous. In fact, when it comes to retaining migratory birds, such as cuckoos, nightingales, and swallows the whole year round, it is a moot question whether the law ought or ought not to be called upon to interfere. Rabbits, guinea-pigs, rats, mice, and such small deer must, it is true, be kept for various reasons in confinement, but the space allotted to them should be so generous as to afford opportunity for exercise and play. The practice of keeping a rabbit in a small hutch where it scarcely has room to move is specially designed to encourage cruelty and thoughtlessness in a child. We all know that the rabbit is a particularly playful little beast, and for it to have its skipping and jumping stopped by the bars of a cage or the wood of a small hutch is as cruel as it would be to shut up a human being in a cell just large enough for him to turn in.

Probably of all places in the world the best to be born in is a farmhouse. Here beast and man are on terms of closest intimacy and mutually dependent, so that from the time they are born the little ones are brought into daily contact. What could be prettier, for instance, than the picture of a boy carrying a handful of hay to the placid-looking horses whose heads are seen thrust out of the loose box? They do not look so tantalised as they must feel, for we are afraid they would have to stretch their necks very much indeed before they got down to such a mannikin. Very pretty, too, is the girl standing beside the mare

and foal. One has often noticed that a mother, however irate she may be with the ordinary adult, is often quite gentle where children are concerned. We have seen a cow with a calf at her heels, that tried to gore everyone who came within her reach except the milkmaid, come suddenly upon two children playing in the meadow where she grazed, and be as gentle to them as if they were progeny of her own. Childhood and innocence are in themselves a defence against many things. Between calves and children there is a free masonry that is very prettily illustrated in one of our pictures; and puppies, again, seem to come as natural playmates. It is not quite usual for sheep to be as friendly as the two are shown to be with the little girl, yet it is far from being uncommon. Sheep will become very companionable if allowed a chance. The writer remembers two or



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NATURAL PETS.

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three years ago, after having lost himself in the course of a walk in the Highlands, coming upon a small cottage where he was glad to avail himself of such refreshment as it afforded. But while he was consuming oat-cakes and milk, it was amusing to watch the efforts of the good woman who kept the place. Her kitchen was being invaded every few minutes by chickens and sheep, and she would drive them out with many hard words and a great show of violence. This did not seem to produce any dreadful effect, for in a few minutes they would all be at the door again. At most farms one or two lambs are reared by hand, and become very fond of the children, though, sad to relate, there are parents so insensible to what is due from them that they doom these playmates of the children to become mutton. Nowhere more than at a steading do children learn the ways and habits of domesticated creatures, and it is a cause for very great regret that so many hundreds of thousands of boys and girls are allowed to grow up in towns without ever having had an opportunity of acquiring this knowledge. They are taken to the Zoo, and allowed to look through iron bars at a number of more or less mangy animals, and this is the nearest approach to a lesson in natural history provided for them in daily life.

GAINSBOROUGH AS . . . LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

GAINSBOROUGH is sufficiently known as the most characteristic of English portrait painters. He is, however, less known as a painter of landscapes, of rustic scenes, and cattle. Few people realise that he started his career as a painter of these subjects.

The country round about the little town of Sudbury is described by Lord Ronald Gower in his book on Gainsborough (George Bell and Sons) as "not of striking beauty," and "somewhat flat and uninteresting." He goes on to say that "it boasts of rich meadows, gentle, well-wooded hills, and tranquil valleys in which glisten the clear waters of the Stour. . . ." It is curious to note that this "somewhat flat and uninteresting" country should have been the source of inspiration of two of our greatest artists—Constable and Gainsborough. Gainsborough is reported to have said: "Suffolk made me an artist." We have only to look at Constable's pictures to realise what motives he could find in this country "not of striking beauty."

Gainsborough was not the only painter besides Rembrandt, as the same author holds in his Introduction, who combined landscape and portraiture with an equal amount of success. No one familiar with Rubens' landscape could allow his name to be omitted. Does not the Wallace Collection possess one of the finest specimens of Rubens' landscape ever painted? and it was done before the time of either Gainsborough or Constable. When Gainsborough was spending all his days sketching out-of-doors in the Suffolk valley, we had but one other painter of nature in England whose work has proved of value. This was Richard Wilson. Lord Ronald Gower does scant justice to this artist, whose genius has been so tardily appreciated by his countrymen. He is spoken of in this volume as "little more than a clever imitator of the Italians." He was actually the pioneer of a new school in landscape, and the forerunner of Turner in effects of light and atmosphere. But to return to Gainsborough. It must be remembered that this period of landscape study round the neighbourhood of Sudbury and Ipswich extended over many years, until the artist knew every clump of trees, every hedgerow, and every gate-post in the vicinity. So plentifully was his mind stocked with the forms of nature, so numerous were the documents he had amassed, that when he left Ipswich to settle in Bath he had made sufficient studies to paint all the landscapes he cared to within the four walls of his studio. We know that success as a portrait painter came to him almost immediately in the fashionable throng of Bath. This forced him to put aside the work he loved best, in order to execute the numerous commissions that poured in. But his heart and mind were so thoroughly steeped in the love of nature, that in the intervals of his fashionable portrait work he would bring down a large canvas, such as the famous "Great Cornaro Wood," now in the National Gallery, or "The Watering Place," and work on these subjects with all the delight of the man born and bred in the country.

It is impossible to feel indifferent to the beauty of these landscapes. To be sure, the eye more accustomed to the brilliant performances of sparkling light and atmosphere of the Impressionist School may find them, at a first glance, somewhat dark and conventional in composition. But in spite of this, there is a beauty in the arrangement, a charm of rusticity in the subjects, which seems somehow to belong to the century, and a rich, mellow light, which we would look for in vain in the present, more realistic school of landscape. As room-decoration these large tapestry-toned canvases are far more harmonious than the naturalistic "window on to nature" style of picture so much in vogue to-day. Where could we find a more pleasing, reposeful composition than the "Landscape with Sheep and Horses" reproduced in Messrs. Bell's

volume? The attitude of the carter, lying asleep in the shade between the shafts of his cart, the horses standing idly by, reflected into the still waters of the pond, together with the shepherd who has brought his flock to water, all convey that sense of perfect calm and stillness that we get from nature at noon in midsummer. For a different kind of emotion there is such a subject as "The Harvest Waggon," reproduced from the picture in Lord Tweedmouth's collection. Here Gainsborough shows that he can be equally successful with animals and figures in action. The movement of the carter bending down to help the rustic lass into the waggon, whilst other yokels are struggling for the bottle in the cart, and the action of the figure stopping the leader of the team, who seems to be restive, is all excellently rendered—as true to nature as to art.

Gainsborough, besides many paintings, has left a considerable number of drawings of landscapes. Many of these, unfortunately, have perished, or been ruined by dealers' retouching. These sketches the artist would do in the evenings in his home in Pall Mall. He would do three or four in a sitting, only preserving the more successful ones. It is fortunate that all who enjoyed the painter's generosity were not so ignorant as the lady who



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MAKING FRIENDS.

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promptly pasted a gift of a portfolio full of these drawings on to her parlour walls! Had this been the case we should have had considerably fewer of these highly-interesting sketches. One of the most beautiful examples is a view of a wooded lane, done in coloured chalks and wash, in the collection of Arthur Kay, Esq.

Besides his success as a landscape painter, Gainsborough seems to have had quite a remarkable facility for painting dogs. Of this there is, of course, the well-known instance of the Pomeranian in the portrait of "Perdita" at the Wallace Collection. But there is also an admirable drawing of a dog in the study of the "Morning Walk, Squire Hallett and his Wife," where the dog is looking up at his mistress in the most natural and "doggie" manner. In addition to these, too, is a capital study of a spaniel done in coloured chalks and also reproduced in Lord Gower's book.

It is pleasant to know that Gainsborough's landscapes, no less than his portraits, were well appreciated during his lifetime. We have that severe critic Walpole writing of one of his pictures: "It is in the style of Rubens, and by far the finest landscape ever painted in England, and equal to the great masters." And again, from the same critic: "What frankness of

Nature in Gainsborough's landscapes, which entitle them to rank in the noblest collections," and, indeed, they do rank in the noblest collections of this day. Though, unfortunately, as with the portraits, many landscapes are passed off as Gainsborough's which were the work of his friends and imitators, Joshua Kirby and his son, there are still enough of the undisputed ones, both in the National Gallery and in private collections, to enable us to form a fairly just estimate of Gainsborough the landscape painter. E. S. S.

MISS MINTON.

CHRIS was the only one of the boys who would own to a particular friend, and his choice had fallen on Miss Minton. She was a dressmaker, who worked in the house for several weeks at a time, going away on Friday evenings and coming back on Monday mornings. She was engaged to be married. This was the reason that on Mondays she arrived with such a beautiful buttonhole. She might wear daffodils, violets, roses, or carnations; but whatever the season or flower, the foliage was always maidenhair fern. An especial vase was kept on the work-table for Miss Minton's buttonhole, so that she could gaze at its fading splendour all the week. As long as the children could remember Miss Minton had been engaged; sometimes there was a rumour that the wedding day was fixed, and the girls had to have their muslins made all in a hurry in January, or their thick frocks at mid-summer, in case Miss Minton should have turned into a wife when they really needed her. However, years went by, but the dressmaker remained unwed. When she first came she was middle-aged, with bright dark eyes, black curls, and brilliant red cheeks. But it was not her personal appearance that had won Chris's affections; it was because she was an appreciative listener. It happened in this way. Chris was a devourer of books, and could read undisturbed by any noise, but he was extremely sensitive to smell, so that when the window-cleaner came, who wore fusty clothes, Chris was driven from one room to another, until at last he took refuge upstairs in the work-room, where the dressmaker and Nannie were sitting. Here he knew he was safe, for Nannie would clean the window herself rather than let the man come where she was. The window-cleaner was like a wiry-haired terrier in a top-hat, a harmless-looking little old man, but disliked by Nannie for what she thought a want of respect to her mistress. Once when he called for an old coat promised to him, and was told that he must wait, as the mistress was out, he answered, "Well, tell her that I will give her a day's grace."

Chris was reading the "Pickwick Papers," chuckling to himself; the dressmaker begged him to read out loud. He did. It was such a successful experiment that henceforth, whenever Miss Minton was in the house, at some time in the day, Chris might be seen seated on a stool by her side reading out loud to her. His grave face would lighten with a beam of approval at her frequent bursts of laughter, although he noticed that their sense of what was humorous differed. Once he was in the middle of "Dombey and Son," and met with many interruptions, for Nannie and Miss Minton were working fast at part of a trousseau for Patricia, Chris's eldest sister. She was going to marry and go out to India. She had come into the workroom with a string of pearls, wanting to sew them herself on to the bodice of a dinner-gown. Chris left off reading because she chattered so. He shut his book and looked at her. Beautiful Patty, she was worth looking at; she wore a washing frock, white, with grey scratches and sprigs of pink may on it, and none of her grand silks and laces would become her more. She was excited over her own wedding (remember she was an old-fashioned girl), and once she put down her needle and seized Nannie by both arms, shaking her backwards and forwards, and crying, "Oh, Nannie, I can't believe that it is really going to happen; but I shall die if it does not."

"Hush! it is unlucky to talk like that," said Nannie. This put an idea into Chris's head. "I know what you would like to hear. I will read the part about the she lover and her nurse, because it is like you and Nannie." He stumped down to the library, bringing back one of the old grey volumes of Shakespeare.

Geraldine and Rosamond knew most of "Romeo and Juliet" by heart, but Patty lived, instead of reading, romances; however, she listened to her brother with pleasure. "There!" she said, "Juliet was only fourteen when her mother wanted her to marry, and I have had to wait two years, because father said seventeen was much too young." "And I have been engaged fifteen years," murmured Miss Minton. Chris gave them a reproving look, and went on reading. With judicious skipping he reached the

end, and by this time Patty and Miss Minton were listening with attention, tears trickling down the dressmaker's nose. However, Nannie had a displeased expression, and it was a long time before Chris could make his peace with her. Her feelings were so hurt. She said, reproachfully, "How could you liken me to that horrid old woman; she is not only bad, but perfectly useless. When you were dying of croup did you hear me shouting out, 'O woeful day, O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day! Most lamentable day, most woeful day, O day! O day! O day! O hateful day! O woeful day, alack the day!'" That night when Patty gave Nannie a good-night hug, she whispered, "Can you fancy Miss Minton dying of love?" "Don't, Miss Patty," said Nannie; "I am afraid her man is behaving badly. Do you notice how grey her hair is getting? And sometimes I think she buys those buttonholes herself."

Now, these words and Shakespeare's tragedy combined were responsible for a cowardly act of Patty's, that made her feel guilty whenever she met Miss Minton's glance afterwards. Patty woke up from some dream, that she could not remember, but she knew it must have been a sad one, for her eyes were wet. It was pitch dark, yet she could hear someone walking up and down in the room above. It was Miss Minton's bedroom. Lighting her candle, she saw it was only four o'clock. Miss Minton's movements grew more noisy. Then there were sounds of doors opening and shutting, and Patty was aware of the cook's and housemaid's voices remonstrating with the dressmaker. Patty jumped to the conclusion that love trouble had turned poor Miss Minton's brain, and that the servants were trying to quiet her. It was of no use, for presently the cook came flying down the stairs; another rush, and the housemaid descended. Evidently Miss Minton was getting violent; the servants had continued their flight downstairs; Patty could hear them unfastening the front door. Then her heart jumped, for Miss Minton herself began to stumble downstairs with heavy tread. A panic seized Patty—she sprang to the door and locked it just as Miss Minton reached it. Patty felt as though cold water had been suddenly poured over her when she heard Miss Minton's matter-of-fact voice saying, "Wake up, Miss, if you want to see the comet!" Patty remembered then that some days before, when there had been talk of a comet that would be visible at four o'clock that morning, the dressmaker, affirming herself a light sleeper, had volunteered to awake anyone who wished to see it. Donning her dressing-gown, Patty descended to the hall, and found the servants apologising to various members of the family whom they had called without looking out of doors first, and now that the front door was opened a dense fog prevented anything being seen. A shout of laughter went up—Patty's sounded quite hysterical. W. S.

FROM THE FARMS.

ENGLISH EXPORTS OF LIVESTOCK.

IT is worth observing that the sale of our pedigree live animals to customers living abroad has very greatly increased this year. During the first eleven months 31,584 horses were exported as compared with 26,330 last year. For these Belgium was by far our best customer, Holland next, and France third. The value had increased from



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TRIMMING THE STICKS.

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MAKING THE HURDLE.

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£570,661 in the corresponding period of last year to £656,083 this year. Simultaneously with this our importation of horses is decreasing, as it was only 26,401 compared with 31,442 last year, the United States being the principal country from which we bought. The value fell by about £200,000. The number of cattle exported during the eleven months that ended on November 30th was 2,652 as compared with 2,491 last year, and the value had risen to £134,424 from £98,052. In sheep, lambs, and pigs there was also a considerable increase, which all goes to show that the breeding and exportation of livestock has become one of the most important pursuits of the British farmer. The fact shows that the man who wishes to get on ought to follow a line so absolutely proved to be remunerative.

MAKING HURDLES.

"The wattled fold," of which Tennyson wrote in "In Memoriam," has long been going out of fashion, but there are still a few places where hurdles are made to enclose the sheepfold, and we show in our photographs an old Dorsetshire labourer at work upon them. He is in his eighty-fourth year, but still strong and fit for work, a striking testimony to the health value of open-air life. Until a year ago he had to walk over a couple of miles to his work in the morning, and home again in the evening, in all weathers, and, as the clothes of his class are not impervious to rain and cold, it may be wondered how he escaped the labourer's bane, rheumatism. In his young days he was accustomed to buy the undergrowth of a copse, split the wood, and work it up into sheep hurdles; but the infirmity of age has caused him to modify this so far that he had to give up the cutting down and confine himself to the actual wattling. He is famous for his hurdles, and sells them at 4s. 6d. a dozen. The present generation does not take kindly to hurdling, because the twisting of the split sticks in the making hurts the hands. Then, again, cheap netting has to a great extent replaced the old hurdles; so that this man must be said to belong to a dying industry.

CO-OPERATION IN AGRICULTURE.

Among the most interesting of the meetings held during the Cattle Show week was that of the delegates from the Co-operative Agricultural Societies affiliated to the Agricultural Organisation Society. The proceedings were opened with a short address from Mr. Yerburch, M.P., who pointed out that this conference, the first of its kind held in England, ought to be the beginning of a great farmers' Parliament which would assemble every year in London. It was unanimously agreed that in the opinion of the delegates the time has arrived for the establishment of a wholesale supply for the Agricultural Co-operative Trading Societies, and that the committee of the Agricultural Organisation Society be asked to consider the matter. It was also suggested that salesmen should be appointed in the chief centres, such as Birmingham, to

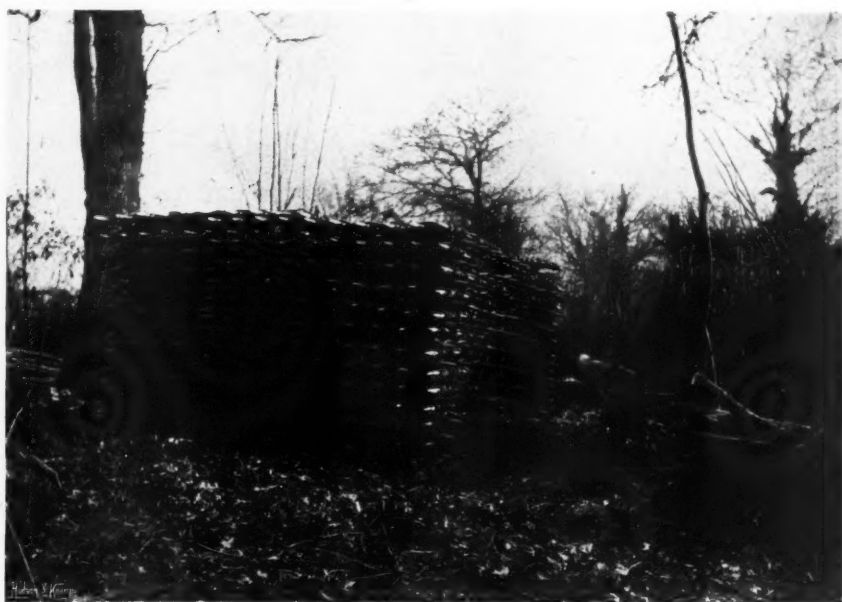
dispose of the produce of the societies, and some other ideas were mooted. It seems to us, however, that rather too much time was given to detail, and not enough to demonstrating to the farmers the advantages of combining themselves into co-operative bodies. Even for the purpose of buying, farmers do not unite as they ought to, and the movement as regards selling has scarcely yet made a beginning. Curiously enough, the co-operative production of dairy products, which was the scheme on which the movement started, has now been practically abandoned, as it is seen that the English farmer, as long as he can find a direct sale for his milk, is wiser to avoid the manufacture of butter and cheese. Still, when this is granted, there are many fields for the co-operatives to work, and we trust that during the coming year they will set to with a will to organise the great industry of which they form a fraction.

VERY OLD BARLEY.

Among the out-of-the-way and curious exhibits at the Smithfield Show was some very old barley shown at the stand of Messrs. Fison and Co. It was grown 103 years ago by Mr. Charles Haward at or near Halesworth, Suffolk, and was sold on March 28th, 1801, at 44s. per coomb, that is to say, 88s. per quarter. The old sample bags, with this record upon them in perfectly legible wording, were to be seen at the stand, as well as the barley itself, which even now, after the lapse of more than a century, might pass muster, in appearance at least, as fairly saleable grain. This sample is the property of Mr. F. A. Parker, formerly of Redenhall, whose grandfather received it from the grower, his friend and neighbour.

O'ER FIELD & FURROW.

TUESDAY was one of those days when there seems to be a scent everywhere. Writing these lines while the impressions are still fresh, it seems as if we could hope for nothing better this year. Fewer people than usual were out in Leicestershire. For one thing, the Pytchley and the Cottesmore were each meeting in the best of their respective territories. The day was not an inviting one. The wet weather on the top of the frost made the going heavy, but was favourable to scent. One of the best runs was that which took place with Lord Bathurst's division of the V.W.H. This is a speedy pack that hunts over a delightful country. The present huntsman is Jem Cooper, who was at one time with the Warwickshire. His father was James Cooper, huntsman to the late Duke of Rutland, a brilliant rider and a quick man with hounds, who learned his business under the famous William Goodall, senior, so that the V.W.H. huntsman has had opportunities of which he has fully availed himself. When the fox was first found, he showed himself an old hand. He tried every plan to shake off hounds, and had he been lost at any time during the first part of the chase, he would have been characterised as a ringing, twisting brute. But the hounds could always hold the line. Three excellent points in a pack they showed to those who cared to watch. First they worked hard at every turn, striving for the line and wasting little time; then they seemed, though the pace was often fast, to be



M. Vaughan.

HURDLES STACKED.

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always going within themselves, keeping their heads down and using their noses well. Lastly, though this came later, they showed splendid condition, for after hard work the latter part of the run was both fast and straight. There was very little, if any, tailing. When all devices were exhausted the fox took a straight line for the big Chedworth coverts. Then came a phase of hunting which is as delightful as it is rare—the fox running over the middle of the fields, hounds driving forward without pause or hover, and the pick of the field riding not for glory but to hold their own, and, if it might be so, to see the end. Of those that reached the woods but a small number came out on the far side. It is natural to assume that a hard-run fox will hang a little in a covert. But a glimpse of the pack as they worked through the wood, and a something in their notes, warned me to strive forward. Fortunately the pace was not so great but that one could steady the horse. Once clear of the covert hounds seemed to run very fast; too fast, indeed, for a tired horse. A friendly turn, a lucky lane, and stout blood in the hunter enabled a few to join the pack near Andoversford before this good fox was quite eaten. The point was over eight miles, and the latter and faster part of the run entirely in the Cotswold country. The excellent point, the satisfactory finish, the working of the hounds, and the pleasant country made this a notable run. If comparisons must be made, this might stand even higher than the Cottesmore run of the same day from Owston Wood. The point was not, of course, anything remarkable, but the hunt lasted an hour or more. Its virtue was in the country crossed by the fox. He chose almost an ideal line of grass, and, so far as I know, only entered one covert the whole time. Of course, in all runs one only sees a part of what happens. There are three things to occupy one's attention—the care of the horse and one's self, the working of the hounds, and, last, the run of the fox; and this, I take it, is seldom really known by anyone except the huntsman himself. The first of these considerations is, moreover, of great moment in Leicestershire, where it is needful for most people to consider, when they jump into a field, how they are going to get out of it. Then if, which by no means always happens, the rider is near enough to see the way the hounds are leaning, he may, of course, save much work to the horse. As to the fox, the less one thinks about him the better, in the grass countries at all events. Naturally, if one knows the country, one is tempted to imagine that he must be travelling to a particular covert when the line seems to point that way. But there are many chances against the man who is tempted by such knowledge to ride cunning. The fox may be, very often is, headed; or hounds may have changed, all unknown to the sportsman, on to another fox with quite different purposes in his mind, and while we are edging towards one covert hounds may have shot away half a mile in an opposite direction. Tuesday week's run with the Cottesmore was one of those hunts that probably only afforded to the minority of really conscientious riders a full measure of enjoyment.

I read somewhere the other day that it was no uncommon thing in Leicestershire to see 500 pink-coated sportsmen riding gaily over the stout fences more or less in line. Yet this have I never seen, and perhaps not one-tenth of that number ever see the whole of any good hunt. But to return to the run. Owston Wood and three or four foxes were the opening scene. Then came a gallop over the fairly level pastures from that wood nearly to Knossington. The pack swung to the right, and, bringing those who turned with them to the head of affairs, ran smartly past Orton Park Wood. Then there was a sharp turn back to the left. The pack hunted steadily through the covert and travelled into the country that leads to Ranksborough. But there are some big fences there, and whether you shirked or not a lucky pause put most people who were riding on terms. Then the fox jumped up, and, racing away in view of the hounds, scattered the followers, while he took a pothook-shaped course to Barley Thorpe Hall, where they ran into him.

On Friday, the Quorn had quite a bright scurry from Cream Gorse to Thorpe Satchville, then back and through the Trussells to the railway. Just as the fun was beginning to flag, an outlier joined in, and there was another scamper, in which the Wreake was an impediment. You can neither jump it nor ford it where hounds crossed. Afterwards a crooked but interesting hunt round to Welby Osiers.

There have been quite a number of falls lately. Of these, Colonel Mackeson's is the worst, and he will have a long and weary time of inaction before him. This is bad luck for a visitor. The Duke of Westminster has cracked his collar-bone, and Lord Huntingdon, who has been showing great sport with the North Staffordshire, has broken his, and will not be able to hunt his hounds for some time.

In common with other people who have looked after fox coverts, I have been often puzzled by the disappearance of well-known foxes, and have become convinced that the more intelligent foxes, after they have been before hounds several times, often turn their wits to account to avoid being hunted. In a small covert that I know well there was always a fox. A fine big fellow he was. I have more than once met him, when taking an early ride, as he loped quietly homeward after his night's foraging. He never seemed to mind being seen. When the season opened he gave us one or two capital runs, on the second occasion only just saving his brush by scrambling into an unstopped drain in our neighbours' territory; after that he was never to be found when hounds came. Yet he was seen about as usual at other times. One day, walking near the covert, one of the terriers, who knew all about foxes, took a line to an old tree in the hedgerow, and began to whimper and scratch at the roots. A careful examination showed nothing. The tree was not difficult to climb; it proved to have a hollow trunk, and there, at the bottom, was my friend curled up and fast asleep. His mask smiles at me as I write. After a seven-mile point, and on a good scenting day, he met his fate. X.

STALKING STAGS IN THE ALPS.

LAST September and October (1902) were beautiful months in the Austrian Alps, glorious sunny days, cold crisp nights, with the stars shining with a sparkle and brightness never seen in damp northern climes. It was perfect weather for the *Brunft* or rut, and in the Hinter Riss, in Tyrol, a locality of which I have already given a description in a former article, the stags were beginning to roar quite bravely when, on September 27th, our week's chamois-driving had come to an end, twenty-two of these agile mountain antelopes forming that auspicious day's bag.

The Hinter Riss is a typical deer forest of the Austrian

Alps, a belt of dense pine and fir woods clothing the slopes of the mountains up to timber line, leaving bare rocks, as a rule much too steeply pitched for stags to frequent, on top, and there the sure-footed chamois alone has its home. To spot a stag in this belt of timber, however positive you may be that the stag is there, is tricky work at all other seasons of the year but at the rut, when his echoing bellows of angry challenge betray his whereabouts. By it the stalker versed in what is really timber creeping is guided, and can get near him—if the stag happens to remain where he last roared. This *if* is, however, a very big one, and the good sport, or bad language, it means, is as varied as possible. To obviate lying out in the woods at night, small huts, in which to pass the night, are built in likely places, close to localities favoured by stags at this season, for, as the sportsman has to be on the scene of operations before daylight, and in the afternoon does not leave his beat till it is too dark to shoot, it is essential that his night quarters shall not be too far away.

Each sportsman gets one of these huts assigned to him, and here, attended only by the keeper, he passes the eight or ten days of the *Brunft*. Sometimes, when the weather suddenly turns warm and rainy, a sudden lull will result, when for days not a stag will give tongue, and one passes precious hours in mute anguish, but hardly mute impatience. Last year the weather kept fine, and the cool nights brought the old fellows on in fine form. On the occasion in question our party was one keeper short, so, being accustomed to do without one, I selected to act as my porter a keen-eyed, bow-legged, tough-looking little wood-cutter who had been acting as my *Träger* during the chamois-driving week. Bowlegs proved a jewel, and I quite understood why the head-forester had said of him that he knew more about



THE "STRECKE," OR DAY'S BAG.



AN ALPINE STAG'S CHALLENGE.

After Pausinger.

stags than many a keeper. The King of Bavaria's deer forest, just across the boundary, and a certain rifle of which he loved to speak with an expression in his eyes, helped one to form unspoken conclusions upon the matter.

Bowlegs was punctuality itself; every morning at half-past three he made the plank ceiling that separated his loft from my wainscoted "Herrenzimmer" below creak and groan as he turned out of his hay-stuffed plank-bed, the putting on of his formidable pair of iron-shod boots being apparently the only toilet that ensued. Then he would light the fire in the small iron stove upon which he did his cooking, and after waking me, and bringing in my bath water in the rubber sitzbath, he would disappear for half-an-hour into the dark for the purpose of "losing," viz., to listen for roaring stags. Just before dawn stags invariably roar most, and it is then that one has to make up one's plan of operation for the morning's stalk, taking into account, of course, the direction of the wind.

The very first morning we had four stags roaring within half a mile or so of the hut, and Bowlegs had me out of bed in a twinkling to confer as to which of them sounded best. The loudest and most constant roarers are by no means always the biggest stags, and the surly, deep-throated, occasional grunts are, as a rule, far more hopeful indications than the loud, far-reaching bellow of some youngster in love with his own voice. Very curious, not to say tantalising, is the difficulty of locating the sound when steep rocky precipices flank the glen, for there the sound re-echoes and travels "round the corner," so to speak, in a most puzzling manner. About five o'clock, or half-an-hour or so before "schusslicht" enabled one to distinguish the front bead and align it on the faintly outlined form of the quarry, we left the hut. If it was a dark night, and dense timber had to be traversed, we had with us a small lantern, for on such occasions the proverbial Egyptian darkness is broad daylight in comparison to the pitchy obscurity in dense pine woods. The light had, of course, to be put out before one got into view of the place where the stag that one was after was roaring, for hinds are as sharp-eyed as they are keenly-scenting vedettes during the rut, and one has really to circumvent them, and not the far less cautious master of the harem who follows them blindly, especially when he is at the height of his passion.

During daytime, say from eight in the morning until four in the afternoon, stags rarely roar, for their instinct tells them that, probably, this would be fatal. So they lie up in some impenetrable thicket, the hinds grazing about, the stag either indulging in a wallow in a muddy pool or lying down resting or sleeping. During these hours pursuit is not only useless, but actually harmful, for stalking would disturb the ground without giving

one any reasonable chance to get up to the quarry. For this reason one generally returns to the hut about nine, indulging in a nap and a midday meal, starting out again about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Rather than indulge in a general description, let me relate one particular incident, for it proved to me what I had never before believed to be possible, *i.e.*, that during the height of the rut, even such a bad wound as a shattered leg will not stop a stag roaring or pursuing the hind as if he were uninjured. On the morning of October 4th, before daylight had set in, I was waylaying a roaring stag, who, in a leisurely manner, was coming towards the place where Bowlegs and I had perched ourselves. When I say that we were "perched," I am not using this term inadvertently, for we were literally on top of a pinnacle of rock rising some 200ft. or 250ft. over a rocky chasm, which in spring-time was the bed of a roaring torrent. Now there was but a little streamlet of water trickling down the precipitous bed it had carved for itself in the rock in its more angry moods. From here I could overlook three passes where deer could get across the chasm—one about 200yds. below me, one the same distance above me, and one straight down at my feet. A bunch of deer, with a good stag, had gone across the lower pass the evening before, as we had seen from the tracks, and we knew that they had not gone across a similar gully 400yds. beyond; so it was practically certain that the herd were about in the intermediate thick wood. As the wind was favourable, they were likely to return to the ground where they had been the day before. It was an ideal post, for, with telescopic sights on my Mannlicher, I commanded the three passes with ease. The first grunt we heard sounded hardly more than 300yds. from us, and, after an anxious pause, a louder roar yet nearer proved that the bunch were coming my way, though it was yet too early to tell which of the passes they would take. The top of the pinnacle, which from the back was easy enough to reach, was so small that there was no room for Bowlegs when I had posed myself in a comfortable position for shooting—*i.e.*, on my stomach; so he had to squat on a ledge a little below me. But his eagerness to watch for the stag's appearance was so great that most of the time he was sprawling over me, peering down at the passes. Presently



STAGS KILLED WITH TELESCOPIC SIGHTS.

the leading hind, followed by three more, stepped out of the dark woods, making for the middle pass. Grunting occasionally as he followed in their wake, came the big master stag, with widespread antlers, shadowed in the rear by a six-pointer. To get my rifle to bear upon the former, straight below me, was not easy, for I had to push myself so far forward over the brink that Bowlegs had to hold me by my legs, which he effectually did by kneeling on me; and even then it was most awkward shooting, as the reader can imagine if he will fancy himself on the top of

the lantern on Big Ben's tower of the Houses of Parliament, trying to get a bead on one of the prancing steeds of the statue of Boadicea at the foot of the tower, for that describes the relative positions very faithfully, the angle being in reality even more acute.

I had to take my shot while the beast was moving across the rocky bed of the stream, for he did not halt for a second. I aimed where the neck joined the shoulders, but it was still so dark that without my telescopic sights, which extend shooting chances quite a quarter of an hour at dawn and dusk, it would have been fluky work. I suppose it was on that account that I failed to "touch the spot," but, only grazing the neck, hit (as results two days later showed) the off fore leg high up between knee and shoulder, shattering the bone so that the lower part only hung on by the skin and sinews. A big bound to one side was all that I saw at the moment, and, as we found no blood when we got down, Bowlegs began to express unpleasantly pessimistic views, not exactly in so many words, but by crabbing the antlers, which grew beautifully smaller and smaller. However, I determined to make a close examination of the ground, and, sending Bowlegs to look whither the tracks led—whether up or down the slope—I was soon on my stomach closely scrutinising the ground where the stag had received my shot. It took me quite five minutes before I found four or five short hairs, about half an inch in length. Encouraged by this discovery, some further search disclosed a few long hairs from the shaggy neck, and lastly I came upon a minute piece of the nickel mantle of the .256 soft-nosed bullet. Underneath the curling and ragged edge of the metal I discovered with my pocket magnifying-glass the traces of blood, and a tiny bit of bone! These signs, taken together, left not much doubt in my mind where I had hit the beast, but, of course, I did not know that the leg was so badly shattered as it proved to be.



THE FIRST SNOW OF THE SEASON IN THE ALPS.

Though every day was now precious, I disliked the idea of letting the wounded beast escape me, and every hour of daylight during the next two days saw us following the tracks over hill and dale. Unfortunately, the stag headed straight for the district allotted to another gun, so that I could not put a *Schweisshund* on the track for fear of seriously disturbing the neighbour's ground. Twice I came up to the wounded hart, but always in thick timber, where I could not shoot. To make a long story short, by the evening of the second day we had located the stag and two hinds in a thicket, out of which they only could get by following a gorge which passed and was commanded by a crag, from which I hoped to get a shot. When day dawned on October 6th I was on the crag, and Bowlegs was waiting for full daylight where we had left off the previous evening, with the intention of moving the deer towards me by letting them have his wind, if they should not do so of their own accord. They did the latter, for before Bowlegs could have left his cave, where he crouched to keep out of the somewhat heavy rain which had set in during the night, I heard a roaring stag gradually approaching me. Convinced that it was not my wounded beast, I determined to make very sure that the newcomer was the bearer of a really good head, for I knew my shot would send the wounded one yet further into my neighbour's ground, and what with the heavy rain, further pursuit would be hopeless. However, I was mistaken in this, for the stag, who kept on roaring quite lustily as he came towards me, proved to be the wounded one. And again I nearly bungled him, this time by having a miss-fire. While creeping through dense beds of dwarf pine, that soaked me to the skin in a few minutes, the bolt of my Mannlicher must have been raised slightly, so that when I pulled there was but a click in reply, the firing-pin failing to reach the cap. The stag, not more than 30 yds. off, must have heard the sound, for he made a huge leap up the slope, and had it not been for some clear ground over which he had to pass, I would never have got him. As it was, my bullet broke his back, and he was dead by the time he reached the bottom of the slope, rolling over and over. He had made a good fight for life on his three legs! This incident and a somewhat similar one which lately occurred to a friend in an Hungarian forest, prove that, in spite of the most severe wounds, stags will evince the instincts of the rutting season to a quite extraordinary extent. Their vitals gashed or their limbs maimed by the terrific impact of a Mauser or even .360 bullet, beasts at this season appear to be impervious to pain.

To the illustrations space does not permit any long reference. That of the roaring stag is by Pausinger's master hand, the antlers being copied from those of a Carpathian stag killed by a well-known Hungarian sportsman. The photographs of the "Strecke" and of the two stags were taken by Captain James Foster, M.F.H. of the Albrighton, who rented the Hunter



A "STAND" AT A MIXED STAG AND CHAMOIS DRIVE.

Riss last year (1902). The two stags in the latter picture were but average heads, much finer ones being killed by Captain Foster. I bagged them in rapid succession as they were galloping across the dry bed of a stream, the further being nearly 200yds. off, and as they were the first successful shots with telescopic sights—the crutch of the middle-aged rifle shot—I remember them more particularly. The two photographs were taken at the foot of the Grasberg, where stands the favourite hut of the late Duke Ernest of Coburg, who, in the fifty years that he occupied the Hinter Riss, had some of his best stalks from this hut. The late Duke of Edinburgh, who after succeeding to the Duchies of his uncle, inherited also the Hinter Riss, passed many nights in the two-roomed little hut.

As it may interest English sportsmen who now show a growing interest in Austrian mountain sport, I have given in the last illustration three typical samples of Austrian trophy mounting. The heads which are carved in wood and painted in a life-like manner, are mounted on carved shields of dark-coloured oak. These particular heads were carved by the Emperor of Austria's favourite carver, at Ellensee, near Ischl.

W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

DEW-PONDS FOR CAPE COLONY.

IN view of the serious drought in South Africa, attention should be called to a valuable series of observations recently made in Cape Colony, especially upon Table Mountain, proving the important, though hitherto almost disregarded, power which trees and plants have of distilling water from clouds and fog, though the way in which forests induce rain to fall is well known. The discovery, for it almost amounts to that, must be considered, for practical purposes, in connection with another phenomenon—the power which the so-called “dew” ponds upon the very summits of hills have of drawing water from an unseen source of supply, which recruits the quantity of liquid held in the pond every night, winter or summer, when there are fogs or dew. That these ponds were filled by distillation from fogs—that is, dry clouds—as well as from dews, which are precipitated often on nights when there is no fog, was not part of the generally accepted view about these ponds. But it was proved by nightly measurements taken in a dew-pond on the Berkshire Downs, above Lockinge, to which reference will be made later, that even more water was gained by the ponds from cloud and fog than from dew. As much as 8in. were added in five nights of winter fog. The connection between these facts, noted on the summit of English chalk hills, and the development of the same phenomena seen on Table Mountain, may perhaps be found in the following “link,” taken from a chapter on “Dew-ponds” by the present writer in “The Naturalist on the Thames”: “Two lines of enquiry seem to be suggested, which might be pursued side by side. These are, firstly, the quantities distilled or condensed on the surface of the ponds themselves; and, secondly, the kind of tree which, in Gilbert White’s phrase, forms the best ‘alembic’ for distilling water. It seems certain that the tree is an important piece of machinery in aid of such ponds, though many remain well supplied without trees.” It is the part played by such trees and plants which is the most interesting recent discovery at the Cape.

The question of water supply, which in this country presses more especially on high plateaux like the Chilterns or Salisbury Plain, is urgent over nearly all Cape Colony. Though there is a considerable rainfall in the six winter months, only 2·15in. fall, on the average, in the three summer months; even this is irregular, and often there is an absolute drought, with no rain at all, and the summer is practically rainless. The result is particularly disastrous to the vegetation, which does not grow on the same scale as it would were the rainfall less “patchy.” To meet the regular summer drought the shrubs and general character of much of the

vegetation are what is called xerophilous—drought-loving. It should be called drought-resisting; but the trees and bushes are often hard and dry, and not of the kind which attracts rain or helps to distil moisture from the air. The plants which cannot stand the summer drought are gradually killed off. For this reason the hills and lower slopes of the mountains from Cape Town to Clanwilliam, and from Caledon to Ceres, are covered with these dull, drought-resisting shrubs.

It occurred to Mr. R. Marloth, a man of science, and certainly of original thought, that on certain expeditions which he had made to the summit of Table Mountain he had noticed quite a different class of vegetation, both trees, bushes, and plants. Instead of finding the ground barer and more lifeless the higher he went, he found it covered with an even richer vegetation towards the summit. Everywhere near Cape Town the highest summits “are clad with a thick layer of closely-set vegetation. Every crack and crevice, every little depression, every ledge is occupied, and even the sides of precipices are often covered with a luxurious mass of shrubs, reeds, and rushes.” Instead of being merely surprised, Mr. Marloth set himself to work to ask the reason. As there is no more rainfall on these hill-tops in summer than there is on the parched ground below, it clearly could not be due to rain. What then was the source of the necessary water? He concluded that it might be derived from the “South-West clouds” which so frequently cover Table Mountain in the summer months. These clouds are a regular phenomenon, the current phrase being that the “table-cloth is on” when they lie on the summit. Though these are “dry clouds” in the sense that they do not wet you like a drizzling rain or a Scotch mist, they are evidently full of water. This water they deposit on vegetation, or, in other words, the plants and trees distil it, acting as what Gilbert White called “alembics.”

A few minutes after the formation of the “table-cloth” every leaf and reed is covered with drops of water, and if the visitor has to force his way through these reeds and rushes

he will soon be as wet as if he had been out for a couple of hours in a drizzling rain. The conclusion was that the water to supply these plants was extracted by them from the clouds. The next step was to find out by experiment whether this was the case, and to what extent. The experiments were made by taking two rain-gauges up to the top of the mountain, and affixing to one a number of reeds, with their bases set in the gauge, while the other gauge was placed near, with no reeds attached to it. Though there had been no rain (but plenty of clouds), it was found that the gauge with reeds had collected, between December 21st, 1902, and January 1st following, 16·22in. of water, while the gauge in which no reeds stood held almost nothing. Ten days later, there having been no rain, but clouds as before, the gauge in which no reeds stood was dry, while the other held 14·64in. of water! Another series of results showed during the period from December 21st to February 15th 4·97in. in the gauge in which no plants stood, and 79·84in. in that in which there were reeds.

That the same forces are at work on the summits of our more rainless hills is, I think, quite obvious from the facts observed on the Berkshire and other chalk downs. On the tops of these hills there settle both clouds and fogs. The question which now seems worth asking is how far ought trees to be planted round the dew-ponds in order to aid the condensation of the fogs and clouds, and of what kind?

The extraordinary “drip” from trees in October fogs is very noticeable, even in London. The warm days of St. Luke’s summer, when the ground is often covered with dry powdery dust and the leaf is still on the trees, are often succeeded by nights of thick vaporous mist. In the morning the ground under the trees, to quote Gilbert White, whom neither this phenomenon nor those of the dew-ponds escaped, “is all in a float.” I tried the effect of placing two vessels of the same



M. Grunberger.

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HOW THEY MOUNT TROPHIES IN AUSTRIA.

size out in such an October fog, the one under a small cherry tree, the other on the grass, putting just a few drops of water into each, like the halfpenny in the hat, to make a start of condensing. Each was, in fact, a "dew-pond" in miniature. Next day that under the tree held more than double the water which the other did, though the latter had increased considerably.

The whole question of dew-ponds and distilling trees round them is of great practical interest to landowners with ground on the chalk hills. Possibly some of the readers of COUNTRY LIFE may be inclined to state their experiences of their use.

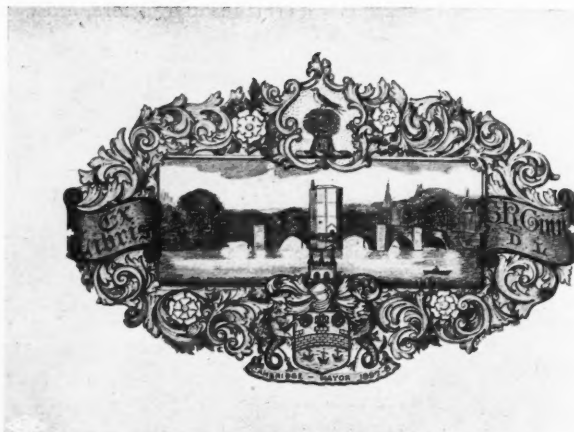
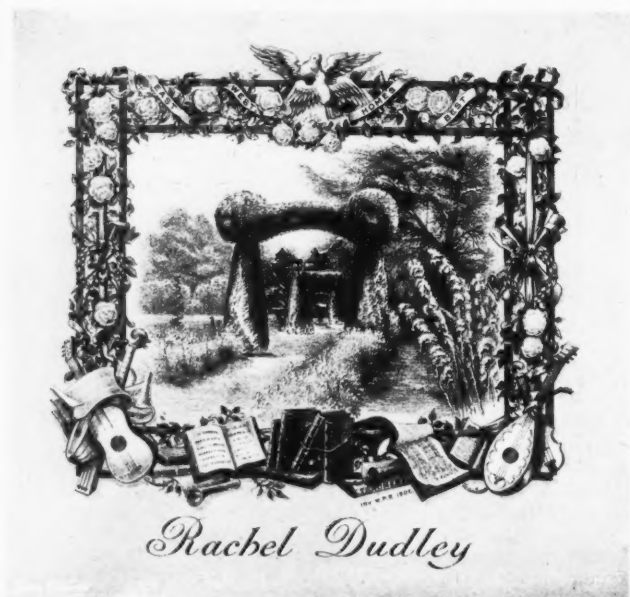
C. J. CORNISH.

LANDSCAPE BOOKPLATES

WHILE ago we had a short *causerie* with Chippendale bookplates for our theme; we now propose to chat with similar brevity anent another interesting variety, the landscape bookplates, which were variants or offshoots of the Chippendale, rather than of the Jacobean, type. These came into vogue in the later years of



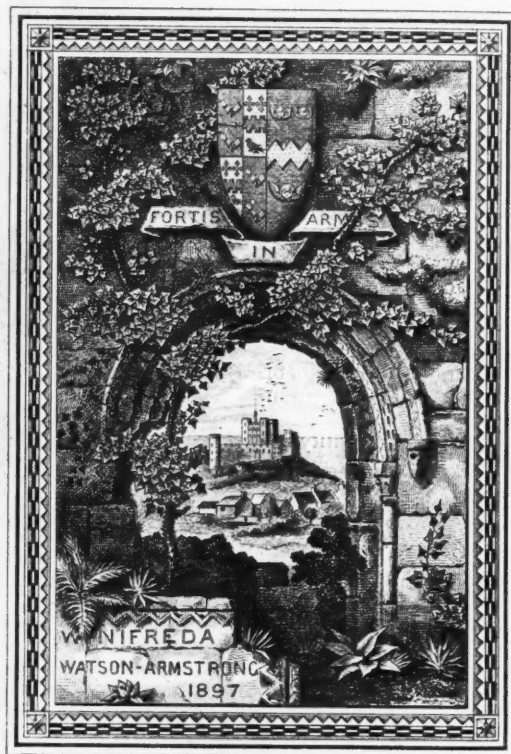
the eighteenth century, and were most in favour during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, just when the brothers Bewick



were at the zenith of their popularity. In point of fact, the Bewicks were the principal exponents of the landscape art in the production of bookplates, and many examples of their handiwork are to be seen wherever a collection of bookplates worthy the name is under review.

So far as we can gather, the earliest bookplate of the kind we are discussing was engraved by Gilbert Wakefield about 1780. It represented a pretty woodland scene, with a stag drinking at a river, and bore a motto in Greek, "Truth and Freedom." It was not heraldic, it was only suggestive of the allegorical, but it was a bookplate, and, withal, a landscape plate.

Somewhat later the Bewicks made a successful appeal to

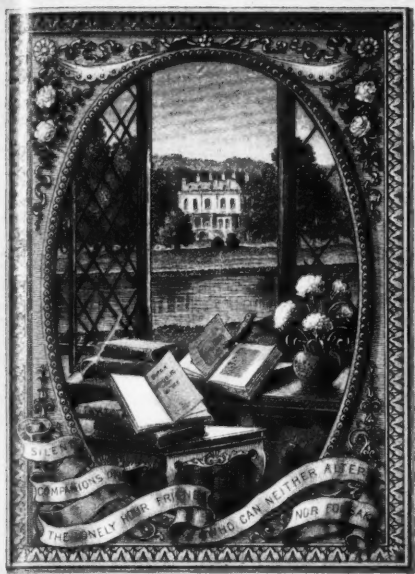


popular taste with their counterfeit presentments of picture-que ruins, rugged rocks, gnarled trees, swiftly-flowing torrents, and placid pools, with here and there a tapering spire rising from a belt of trees, or a distant view of a town. These miniature pictures were more often than not reminiscent of scenes in or near Newcastle-on-Tyne, where these masters of their craft worked so strenuously. In many of these plates heraldry has a first place. There are, for instance, armorial shields shown naively suspended from branches of trees, propped with ostentation against piles of stones, or otherwise incongruously placed.

Many of the Bewick plates were used for other purposes than that of book identification, and, on the other hand, designs intended primarily for book illustrations have been pressed into

service as bookplates. Although the mere mention of landscape plates naturally suggests to the imagination the brothers Bewick in their northern home, there were other designers and engravers of early landscape bookplates who are well worthy of mention. Amongst the earliest come the names of W. Sherwin, Ed. Bramston, J. Taylor, Terry, W. Henshaw, Wells, Pye, Allen of Birmingham, Ovenden, F. Sansom, R. Beilby, J. Bailey, W. Esdall, Bonner, Audinet, Lambert, and J. Scott.

Lambert of Newcastle-on-Tyne was a pupil and a close follower of Bewick, and many of his designs have been ascribed to the latter, but Mr. John Vinycomb of Belfast has in his



Mary Lothrop Sheridan

Penates of many a cultured man and woman of to-day, or finding a place in the cherished possessions of the dilettante collector.

Among English exponents of the modern landscape plate are H. Stacy Marks, W. P. Barrett, Will Foster, E. H. New, Swain, John Williams, L. L. Brooke, J. Vinycomb, R. Anning Bell, and J. P. Emslie, and among Transatlantic artists who go to Nature for their inspiration are J. W. Spenceley, E. D. French, S. Hollyer, W. F. Hopson, and others.



excellent monograph on Lambert differentiated these for the benefit of collectors. It must not be supposed that landscape plates are now relegated to the limbo of bygone fashions and outworn vogues. On the contrary, they have been very happily revived by some skilful modern draughtsmen, and some charming pastoral scenes, which almost reproduce the atmosphere of forest glades and breezy uplands, are to be seen among the *Lares* and

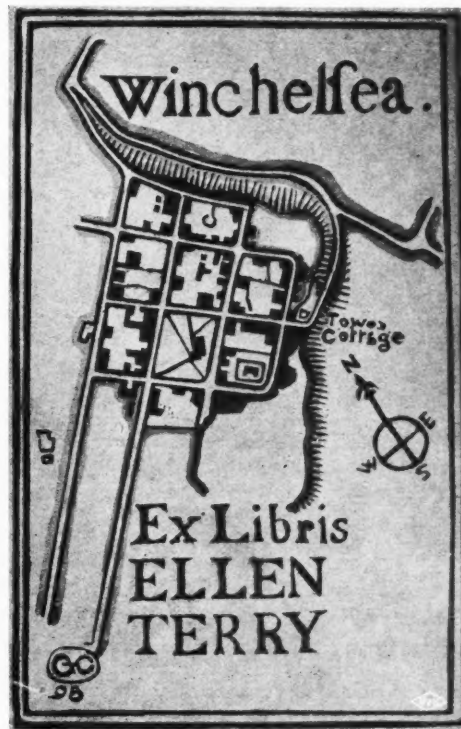
A subsection of this kind of bookplate has been named Urn-plates, but of these we have nothing to say, here and now, as they are so numerous as to form a group of themselves. The exigencies of space do not permit the description of the older form of landscape plates which are the joy of the collector, and belong to the picturesque period of Sedan chairs and link-boys, of comely

bourgeois housewives clattering about in pattens, and of high-born dames in stately brocades, powder, and patches, of night watchmen, stage coaches, of duels, and the like. We can only show the few typical examples illustrating this article, adding, by the way, that the earliest bookplate designed by Bewick bearing a date is that of T. Bell, 1797, and this proves conclusively that the

Bewicks simply followed other designers who originated the style. A very early plate of this variety is that of Tanregoo (School), in the County of Sligo, about 1786; it is signed J. Taylor, sculpt. Another good example is that of a member of the Pyott family, Chippendale design, with landscape and waterscape pictures, and beneath the shield the motto "Pietatis Amator," signed Ed. Bramston, sculp. The plate of Edward Burrow, also ascribed to Bramston, is another good specimen of this class. But there are many others, and a few of these we reproduce as typical examples of a most interesting variety.

There is one feature of the modern pictorial or landscape plate which is lacking in the earlier forms, and that is the personal character of the design, or rather the localisation of the subject, whereas in those of Bewick, Lambert, and other

craftsmen we find the conventional bit of landscape, made up of a tree, a stream, a distant spire, and so on; in those of to-day we have a definite picture, more or less associated with the owner of the plate. Sometimes it shows the home, be it mansion or cottage, another may show a peep of parkland, a bit of the garden which the possessor loves, or a favourite woodland nook. For example, in the bookplate of Miss Ellen Terry, designed by her son, Mr. Gordon Craig, we find this idea of localisation carried to a rather grotesque extreme, for it is no more or less than a plan of the town she resides in, and an indication of the route to reach her dwelling. This is eminently understandable, for loaned books take a détour, more often than not, on their way home,



and borrowers only too frequently need a reminder. The bookplate with the suggestive quotation

"The ungodly (or wicked) borroweth, and payeth not again"

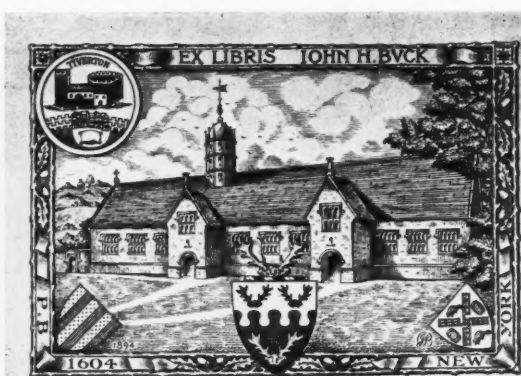
bears one of the many terse sentences chosen by the experienced lender to minimise the chances of utter loss or mere mislaying of valued bibliographical treasures. Another celebrated actress, Miss Mary Anderson, has a pretty bookplate, designed by Mr. Samuel Hollyer, in which the artist has very happily shown the cottage which is, or was, the residence of this accomplished lady. No designer of modern bookplates, however, has done more in the way of identifying the bookplate with its owner than has Mr. W. P. Barrett of London, who has designed a great number of beautiful plates, many of which come within our category of landscape bookplates, and depict scenes and places intimately connected with the owners themselves. Some of these we are privileged to reproduce. The illustrations given are intended to show the infinite variety of these pretty little bookmarks and the scope there is for artistic treatment, quite apart from the heraldry of the subject, which is quite another affair. We allow the bookplates to speak for themselves. W. H. K. W.

IN THE GARDEN.

PROTECTING TEA ROSES.

IT is many years since we had an old-fashioned winter, with the soil frozen hard for weeks, and when our hearts were troubled about the fate of those things we had left to take their chance in the garden. No winter of great severity has occurred since the tea-scented Rose has become popular. It is now planted in millions, and has brought joy to the English pleasure ground in which the Marie van Houtte, Anna Olivier, and varieties as sweet, have been grouped to bring out their true beauty and character. But a sharp turn may come, and it is always wise to be prepared by earthing up the Roses to thoroughly protect the part where the plant is grafted. By "earthing up" is meant drawing the soil to the stems, and burying them to a depth of 6 in. When April comes, and all fear of hard weather is over, this soil must be removed, and it will then be found that the plant is strong and breaking into vigorous new growth. Tea Roses differ greatly in their power to resist frost. A Catherine Mermet will not stand the same temperature as Edith Gifford, and a standard plant is tenderer than a dwarf. The safest protection for standard Roses is straw or bracken, the latter for preference. The late Mr. Girdlestone, one of the most successful of amateur rosarians, always protected his standard Tea Roses heavily, and only in this way was their safety through the winter ensured. Even then during an exceptionally severe time they perished wholesale.

The following notes by Mr. Mawley, honorary secretary to the National Rose Society, in "Roses for English Gardens," page 214, will be helpful to those who have recently planted Tea Roses and are not certain of the way to protect them. Frosts "may be divided into two classes—the winter frosts and the spring frosts. Against the former the protection provided cannot well be too complete, whereas very moderate means will mostly be sufficient to ward off injuries from spring frosts; and yet against the ill effects of these spring frosts there is practically no remedy, unless it be syringing or spraying the frosted foliage with water very early in the morning, in order to thaw it before sunrise. For at that season it is not so much the damage done by the frost itself that has to be guarded against, as the sudden thawing of the frozen leaves by the sun shining on



winter, with perfectly sound wood even within a few inches of the surface of the beds.

"Standard Roses are less easily protected. Bracken, cut in September before it has become brittle, should be secured to the heads; or a more effectual protection may be afforded the standard Teas by first drawing the shoots of the plant together and lightly thatching the head with straw or bracken fastened above it to a firm stake, with one or more ties lower down, as may be necessary, to prevent the straw or bracken from being blown aside in high winds. Tender wall Roses, such as *Maréchal Niel*, are best protected by fastening over them some fine cotton netting, or by placing bracken, small sprigs of fir, or other light evergreens, among the branches."

WEATHER-PROOF ROSES.

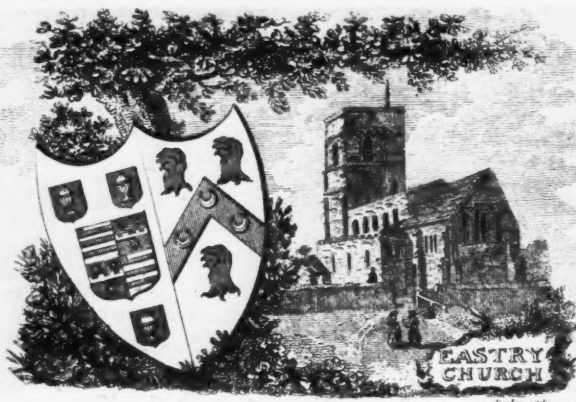
"A Reader" writes: "This has been a good year to note which dwarf Roses in the open beds have withstood the wet, boisterous weather best, and with me the gold medal for endurance is certainly carried off by the *Tea Rose Meta*, whose gorgeous crushed strawberry copper-petalled blooms were holding themselves stilly aloft in November. *Baroness Rothschild*, with its superb habit of growth, each shoot topped by a perfect exhibition bloom, runs *Meta* a very good second. Amongst others, good old *Duke of Wellington*, with its red velvet blooms, *Mme. Charles*, and *Céline Forestier* seemed impervious to the autumn monsoons. If the weather forecast for years to come proves true, it behoves us to note these things before ordering our new Roses for 1904."

RANDOM NOTES.

The Cockspur Thorn for its Fruit.—At this time, when the leaves have fallen, we see the warm colouring of the fruit. The *Cockspur Thorn* is a cheery winter tree, and our gardens would gain in colour and interest if it were more planted on the lawn, in pleasure ground or woodland. As this is the season to plant, our note is seasonable.

Crocuses under Beech Trees.—We are asked occasionally to name a bulb that will succeed under Beech trees. No statement is more frequently repeated regarding planting than that nothing will grow under this forest giant. Like many other sweeping assertions that are in the main erroneous, this one has a grain of truth. For if we wander among the chalk hills, where the great wild Beeches—perhaps the grandest of our forest trees—stretch their great arms wide and high, we find beneath them no forest sward or Bramble tangle, or brake of other bushy growth; nothing but the carpet of dry, rotting leaves, this leafy carpet remaining undecayed

for a longer time than that of the shedding of almost any other forest tree. But it is to be remembered that gardening is the introduction of plants for the advantage of their utility or for enjoyment of their charm in places where they would not otherwise occur, and we gardeners have of late years found out that even the dry, hard soil under Beech trees may be made to bring forth abundant flower-beauty. These thoughts are recalled by a picture of crocuses beneath a noble Beech tree in Worcestershire. Crocuses are clustering thickly at the base of the bole; it is a bit of clear and welcome colouring, especially when the sun glints through the leafless stems and makes the petals open wide to its rays.



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DAWN AND SUNSET.

H. P. Robinson.





THE beautiful Cornish seat of Lord Clifden, which stands near the high road from Bodmin to St. Austell, is, unhappily, one of those places which have been devastated by fire, that agency of destruction which has visited so many of our venerable English houses. It can never be without a pang of keen regret that those who love the dear old dwelling-places of our sires, about which historic and family memories have clustered, learn that any one of them has perished in the flames. Fortunately the destruction which fell upon Lanhydrock in the disastrous night of April 4th, 1881, was not complete. The south wing and the central portion perished almost entirely, but the long gallery and some other chambers on the east side were saved, with many of the treasures which had adorned the parts that were destroyed. Now that the judicious hand of the builder and restorer has worked upon the place, assisted by the kindly influence of passing years, it is not easy to realise the terrible destruction that was wrought.

The estate lies in a very lovely part of Cornwall, upon the

slope of a sylvan hill in the valley of the Fowey, and has in its neighbourhood old Lostwithiel, the ivy-mantled ruin of Restormel Castle, the rich woods of Boconnoc, and many beauties of the romantic river course. In this neighbourhood is Dozmare Pool, sometimes identified with the "middle mere" of Tennyson, into which the bold Sir Bedivere flung the brand Excalibur, which "Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon":

"So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur;
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

The country people say that thereby lives, or lived, the grim giant Tregeagle, condemned for his misdeeds to labour ever to empty the pool with a limpet shell, whereat he howls despairingly in the hollow voice of the night-wind. Some identify the giant with one Tregeagle, a dishonest steward of Lord Robartes's, the builder of Lanhydrock, which steward cruelly crushed the





THE GATEHOUSE FROM THE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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tenants, rose by his frauds, and became a harsh and arbitrary magistrate.

So much may serve as a prelude to our account of this remarkable place. The house was built by the second Lord Robartes of the earlier creation. The family had risen to great wealth by the profit of tin and wool; and Richard Robartes of Truro, son and heir of John Robartes of the same, was knighted at Whitehall in 1616. His wealth made him a victim of extortion, and it is said that a sum of £12,000 was wrung out of him on that occasion under a threat of prosecution. Robartes was raised to the baronetage in July, 1621, and, through the influence of Buckingham, in January, 1624-25, he was created a peer, with the title of Baron Robartes of Truro. When Buckingham was impeached by the House of Commons, it was charged against him that he had obliged Robartes to purchase his barony at the price of £10,000, and the new peer said, in June, 1627, that the money was "to have been employed on a special service for the late King."

The second Lord Robartes, who succeeded his father in 1634, allied himself with the Parliamentary party in the Civil War,

and his house was the scene of some dramatic episodes. He was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Cornwall in 1642, and was a colonel of foot in Essex's army. He fought at Edgehill and in the first battle of Newbury, and had the rank of field-marshal under Essex. In May, 1644, a petition was presented to Parliament with the prayer that he might be made commander-in-chief in Devon and Cornwall, and the march of Essex into the West is popularly attributed to his influence. Lord Robartes was building his house

at Lanhydrock in the years preceding the war, and it appears not to have been completed when the evil days came. Originally it was quadrangular, but a later proprietor removed the buildings on the east side, leaving the structure a hollow square. The north wing bore the date 1636, and the south wing 1642, but the gatehouse, which is a most remarkable structure, was not erected until 1651, and bears over the arch the initials of the builder and his wife, with that date. The house is approached by a fine old avenue, planted by the order of Lord Robartes in 1648. The long gallery, which we illustrate, goes back to his time, and presents a very remarkable



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THE NORTH WING.

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THE EAST FRONT.

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"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE GATEHOUSE.

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THE UPPER GARDEN, EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

interior, with a coved roof elaborately panelled, and adorned with pendants and Biblical subjects in relief. Lord Robartes was a staunch Presbyterian, and here are still preserved his books, and those of his chaplain, one Hannibal Gammon, many of them well seasoned with bitter marginal notes against prelacy and popery.

Lord Robartes garrisoned his house for the Parliament, and took part in the fighting which preceded the surrender of Essex at Lostwithiel, and he escaped by taking ship to Plymouth. The headquarters of Essex were at Respryn, and those of the Royalists, under the courtly and gallant Sir Beville Grenville—grandson of the famous Sir Richard, hero of the Revenge—at Boconnoc. Lord Robartes must have suffered considerably, for his house was occupied by the Royalists, and his estates were assigned by the King to Sir Richard Grenville, while the fugitive's children were detained as prisoners. Parliament restored Lanhydrock to its original owner later on. In the proposals made to Charles at Uxbridge in January, 1645, it was requested that he should make Robartes an earl. After the passing of the Self-Denying Ordinance the zeal of the Cornish peer began to cool, and, after the King's death, he took no part in public affairs. At the Restoration his influence secured him a place in the Government. He was made a Privy Councillor, and became Lord Deputy of Ireland, afterwards being made Lord Lieutenant, and he was raised to the dignity of Earl of Radnor in 1679. He was also Viscount Bodmin, but these titles became extinct in 1764, and the estates descended in the female line to Miss Anna Maria Hunt, who, in 1804, married the Hon. Charles Agar, son of the first Viscount Clifden. This gentleman represented East Corn-

wall in Parliament, and in his family a new barony of Robartes of Lanhydrock and Truro was created, Thomas James Agar, son of the heiress of Lanhydrock, becoming Lord Robartes in 1869, and succeeding to the Viscounty of Clifden in 1899.

As is not uncommon in the case of old houses, Lanhydrock stands near to the ancient church, which is a fine building of Perpendicular character, with a chancel, nave, aisles, and embattled tower, completely restored in 1888, at the cost of Lady Robartes. The most impressive feature of the mansion is the great gatehouse, with its octagonal turrets and its round archway. Constructed in 1651, it is certainly a very remarkable building. It seems to present something of the romantic taste which led people later on to revive the architecture of earlier times, for the builder of Lanhydrock might almost have taken some Norman arch for his model. The round-headed panelling is also very unusual, as are the loopholes below. The whole building is extremely quaint and characteristic, and makes a noble approach to the house itself.

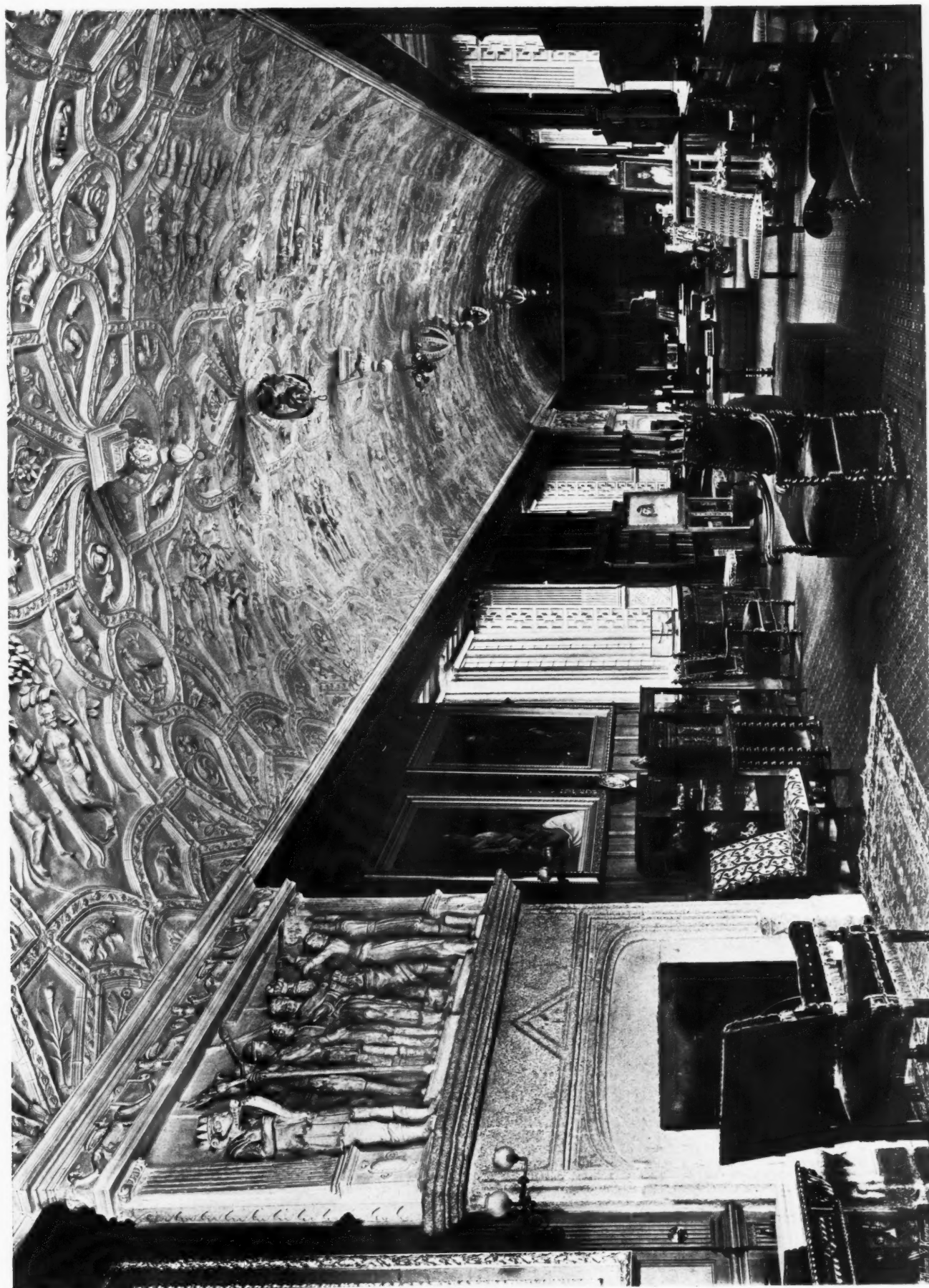
The rebuilding of the mansion was carried out under the direction of Mr. Richard Coad, architect, of London, and was completed in the same style as the work that was destroyed, a considerable addition being made on the south-west, where a small courtyard is enclosed. The only point to which it is necessary to draw attention in reference to this beautiful house is, that the mullioned lights are filled with plate-glass instead of having the old leaded panes. There is a billiard-room, floored and panelled with oak, with a rich plaster ceiling, and fine granite mantelpieces, and also a dining-room panelled with oak,



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FROM THE FRONT DOOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE LONG GALLERY, NORTH.

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and having a fine mantel-piece, a library, which was the old dining-room, a noble drawing-room, and the great long gallery. The exterior walls are of the local stone, and all the carving of stone and wood was done on the spot. Lord Clifden brought water from a spring in the parish of Lanivet, which is conducted a distance of about two and a-half miles to a reservoir on the hill behind the house. It has been stated that the total cost of rebuilding was some £80,000.

The configuration of the land, which is bold and impressive, adds a great deal to the beauty of Lanhydrock. Its park of about 200 acres is richly varied with wood and pasture. The great avenue planted by the builder, and the magnificent trees which dignify the estate, add immensely to the beauty of the immediate surroundings. A large space in front of the hall has been enclosed with a strong embattled wall, through which the gatehouse makes an entrance, and the enclosure is laid out as a terrace-garden. A broad pathway—a little too conspicuous, perhaps, in its whiteness—leads up from the barbican gate towards the house, and a round grass plot lies before the porch, filling, indeed, the quadrangle, with an ornamental tree in the middle. The area of the garden is laid out in a formal arrangement of curved beds, making an elaborate parterre, as will be seen in our pictures. There is an abundance of flower growth,

studded here and there with islands, bounded on the north with high green hills, and famous for its trout and pike. It is fitting then that the outlet of this great lake should be a correspondingly fine salmon river, only three Irish miles of fishing water, it is true, but a river of noble proportions, with splendid pools and ideal salmon streams. The water, moreover, is always clear, and before the drainage gates at Belleek were put in, the river never varied rapidly in height, and, wet season or dry, was always more or less fishable. For busy men, who wanted to snatch a fortnight's holiday on a salmon river, this was an invaluable attraction. No chance, on the Erne, of watching a turbid bank-high flood in which fishing was impossible, or, perchance, a dead low-water trickle in which nothing but a bait in the evening would have been of the slightest use. One could always rely, in those days, on some good fly-fishing water, and, from June to September, on a fairly good stock of fish. To some extent this has been changed by the—by anglers-freely-anathematised—drainage gates put in at Belleek some ten years ago. The falls were blasted, the three miles of canal-like river above Belleek dredged to a deeper level, a fish-pass constructed, and great hydraulic-power gates put in where the falls used to be. Thus it happens that the height of this noble river has been made subservient to the prosaic exigencies of commercial



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THE FRONT DOOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and much fragrance and colour in this gardenage, but the chiefest charm of Lord Clifden's house is in its own quaint features, its venerable barbican, its clothing of greenery, and more than all in the magnificent trees, that form a background for its pleasantly-coloured stonework. The beauties of the surrounding country add the final charm to one of the most picturesque houses in Cornwall.

THE IRISH ERNE.

AWAY on the North-West Coast of Ireland, where the Atlantic breezes blow straight and fresh from the ocean, the river Erne, flowing along the boundary line between counties Donegal and Fermanagh, drains Lough Erne into Ballyshannon Bay. Lough Erne is one of the largest lakes in the Emerald Isle, second only in size to Lough Neay. From the head of the upper lake, south-east of Enniskillen, down to Belleek, where the salmon river proper begins, is a distance of something like fifty miles. The main lake, extending north-west from Enniskillen for about thirty miles to within three miles of Belleek, is a lovely piece of water,

enterprise, and is now under the absolute control of an official at Belleek, who obeys the mandates of a soulless and invertebrate company, dead to all ideas of sport, and whose whole philosophy is contained within the four corners of a printed balance-sheet. A roft. flood can be sent down the Erne at any time, and, as a matter of fact, was at times so sent down when the gates were first constructed. There is a story of a hapless fisherman and his gillie clinging for hours to the branches of a tree on the lower Sally Island in the Erne, until a hasty message at length reached the gate-keeper to cut off some of the water he had let down in so prodigal and unexpected a fashion, or run the risk, on behalf of his company, of an action for manslaughter. I well remember that particular flood, for I happened to be fishing Earl's throw at the time from the north side, where it is necessary to wade into mid-river along a ridge with deeper water on either hand. As luck would have it, I had hooked a salmon about mid-day, and had waded backwards to shore in order that Terry, my gillie, might gaff the fish. It was Saturday, and a flood was due, we knew, about three o'clock. The fish was duly gaffed, and I was in the water again on my way along the ridge, when from the shore behind came an agonised cry. "For God's sake, yer honour, come out! she's coming down." I turned, and reached the shore, a few yards away, with difficulty. In five minutes or

less a raging flood roft, deep was sweeping over my late wading ground, and pouring in whirling rapids down to the deep Nova Scotia pool below. Had I been fairly out on the throw, no power on earth could have saved me. The company's official had raised three gates two hours before the stated hour, and then gone calmly to his lunch.

Some kind of a working compromise between fishery-owners and land-reclaimers has now been arrived at, and during the fishing season the gates are kept fairly steady. But the mechanical power to turn the river into a trickle or a flood at a moment's notice still remains, the object of the gates being, of course, to prevent flooding of lands on the borders of the upper lake.

In spite of these interferences by the hand of man, the Erne still remains, for its short length, one of the finest and most sporting salmon rivers in the kingdom. It has, of course, suffered, like most other Scotch and Irish rivers, from the generally diminished supply of salmon around the British Isles. It does not yield quite the sport it did, say, twenty years ago. But Erne fishing still is good. There are seven beats between Belleek Gates and Ballyshannon Bridge, fished in daily rotation by seven rods up to 1 p.m.; after which hour it is "go as you please." Before the drainage era there was another beat at Eel Weir Hill, about two miles above Belleek, where up to ten fresh salmon have frequently been taken by a single rod in a day. The drainage operations have now turned this throw into a sluggish canal, where taking fish no longer lie. There is yet another beat, not included in the seven, below Ballyshannon Bridge, whereon the fishing goes by favour. Given certain essential conditions, a medium high water, a dull sky, and a strong westerly breeze, and Ballyshannon pool, despite the homely surroundings of the town, is well worth a long day's journey to fish. It is fished mainly from a boat. After the end of June salmon lie in every yard of its two hundred of length. At the tail of it, and near the falls, the current quickens on what is known as the "rope-walk," where fish, fresh from the sea, lie on the very breast. The lowest current of all above the falls can be fished from the rocks, and a good fish hooked here may go back over the falls into the estuary pool, where it is a "thousand to three" against its being killed. At the head of the pool again is another of the most sporting throws on the river Erne, where the angler fishes the arches of Ballyshannon Bridge with rod held perpendicularly downwards, and can see a rising fish open its mouth to take the fly. A good fish hooked from the bridge may run out 150yds. of line, or thread one arch up river and another down. These incidents have happened, and lend variety to the sport, which is always watched and freely advised on, when exciting, by a goodly array of the Ballyshannon population. A distinguished general not long since played and killed a fish from the bridge to the martial tunes of a brass Volunteer band that happened to be passing at the time. On another occasion an angler, making a longish cast, dropped his hand a little, and hooked a fine retriever dog on the bridge behind him. A splendid run ensued through the streets of Ballyshannon, the angler with tight line, bending rod, and screaming reel only too anxious to save his cast and fly, while the Ballyshannon "bhoys," with true sporting instinct, cheered dog and man impartially, while carefully refraining from any interference. The Erne is a deep-wading river, and has witnessed many an involuntary ducking of ardent fishermen. Fly-fishing only is allowed, and the local custom is to fish with thin-winged, bright-coloured flies, small in size, as a rule, and worked in the water for all they are worth. I am not prepared to dogmatise on how a salmon fly should be worked, and what particular colours of body, hackle, or wing are the most killing. One heretic Erne fisherman that I know always fished with his own flies, that in size and pattern violated all local traditions; but he killed his fair share of fish all the same. True, he was a most painstaking fisherman, threw a beautiful line, and, what is more to the point, fished every inch of a throw. But it is not given to everyone to possess the necessary strength of mind and confidence in his own judgment as this. Personally, I always like to fall in with local ideas as regards pattern and size of fly, for they represent the accumulated wisdom of ages. When a pool is fished blank, one always is inclined to think that another fly would have done better. On the other hand, when a fish is hooked, confidence in the particular fly is at once established; but who is to say with certainty that another pattern or size of fly would not have achieved the same result? On one occasion the heretic angler above mentioned took two fine fish with strange flies off the south side of the "Bank of Ireland" throw on the Erne, just behind an old *habitué*, who had fished the same throw down from the north side with stock local patterns. The river was dead low, and both had fished the same water from opposite banks. Some might have argued from this incident that the new flies were better than the old; but, as a matter of fact, in low water, that particular throw always fishes better from the south sidethan the north. Probably the position of the fish, the lie of the rocks, and the way the fly came over them all helped to decide the result.

But whatever the immediate result may be, no salmon angler can fish Erne water without pleasure, for it is a summer

river, yielding best sport when days are long, and grass and foliage are green. It runs through typical Irish banks and leafy woods, crystal clear, with swirling streams, rocky lies, and deep pools, such as salmon love. In some places wade as deep as you dare and throw as far as you can, yet you may not cross lines with your rival on the opposite shore. Hook a 20lb. salmon in Knather Lane, the Tail of the Island, or in the Fall Hole, and he may take you, panting and breathless, a quarter of a mile down stream, and over and over again put rooyds. of rushing Erne water between you and him before, if you are lucky, you can kill him. Until the gaff is in his gleaming side there is always, in the throws I have mentioned, and several others, a good shade of odds upon the fish. To follow a heavy fish down Kathleen Falls, involving a steeplechase in waders over rocks, banks, and walls, and then see your gillie gaff him in Jack's Flat, is an event that lingers long in the memory. In days gone by I have killed twenty-five fresh-run Erne salmon in a week, and can yet recall the incidents of nearly every kill. Well do I remember some years ago coming to the "Garden Wall" late one July evening with two salmon and three grilse in the bag. I was flushed with success, and somewhat lazily inclined, but Paddy insisted on my putting a small Green Parson over the pool. In another hour two noble fresh-run fish, 20lb. each to an ounce, lay side by side on the bank, and I had made no more than six casts in the pool. Fish number one was hooked at the head of the pool the third cast, played for twenty thrilling minutes across and back a hundred yards of rocky stream, and was gaffed. His mate was hooked lower down three casts after, played in like wild manner, and met a similar fate. Curiously enough, as each fish was gaffed the fly dropped out of his mouth. We staggered home that night with four salmon and three grilse, weighing 89lb. in all. Such as these are red-letter days in one's calendar. My next best day was below the bridge, when, in a gale of wind, I killed seven fish weighing 82lb. and lost four more. There are still salmon in the Erne, for last July I was fortunate enough to kill seventeen fish—seven salmon and ten grilse—in seven and a-half days' fishing.

HENRY SETON-KARR.

AUTUMN MOTHS.

WE have come to this little village of North Derbyshire to tramp, camera on back, and try to take away a few pictures of the moths of mid-September in their barren home. Before we have gone a hundred yards from the door of the little inn, now, alas! sadly popular—sadly, I say, because it means death to the old-world manners of the place—I see the first. It stands out gleaming white from the black weather-bitten wall. Why has it



E. A. Cockayne.

AT REST.

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not long ago fallen a prey to some hungry bird? My companion furnishes the explanation. On my telling him, he exclaims, "Oh, I saw that, but I thought it was a bit of quartz!" And, indeed, on these rough-hewn stones there are many small white pebbles in size and shape very like the grey moths. A short walk along the high road brings us to the place where we had decided to branch off and follow a sheep track across the rough heather. It is remarkable that in winter, when the trees stand leafless, and all is grey, only silvery-tinted moths are seen. In autumn, however, when the leaves are changing to every shade of yellow and orange-red, hosts of moths appear deeply tinged with these richer colours. To-day one especially is abundant—the Northern Spinach. A veritable dead leaf he appears until he is off from beneath one's boot, with a flutter of yellow wings.

Leaving the rock-strewn hill, we reach a gentle slope of marshy land. The heather is almost supplanted by an abundant growth of thick grasses, conspicuous amongst which are the downy heads of the cotton grass. It appears an unlikely place, but it is the home of a little moorland moth, Haworth's minor. On an afternoon like this they are flying wildly in dozens over the thick tussocks like big brown bees. Now and then one stops to suck the sweet nectar of the ling, or to sip a dew-drop from the dying marsh grass. This, however, is their playtime, and it is only at dusk they settle down to feed. Their colour of dull faded brown or dark umber is curiously broken by thin whitish lines running over the wings from end to end, and by one broad transverse band. They are thus wonderfully protected when they alight, and insensibly become merged into the slowly rotting grass on which they rest.

A rather tiring walk brings us to a small pine wood. A



E. A. Cockayne.

XYLOPHASIA POLYODON.

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feast is here in store for some wandering bird, for every other tree trunk harbours some moth. But small birds are very scarce here. The only ones we see are a few chaffinches and an occasional twite. It is a pity, for we miss the lively movements and joyous song.

The compensating feature is, I suppose, the abundance of insect life. Just as we are leaving the wood we find a large moth—*Xylophasia polyodon*. What marvellous instinct has guided it to choose for resting-place the end of a stout branch freshly shattered by the wind? For this is the only bit on a black pine which would match the pale brown of its wings. The thorax also is pushed up against the rough surface where the branch snapped off, and the dark lines and markings on the wings lie parallel with the grain, and match the shadows on the ridged surface. With considerable difficulty a photograph is obtained, for the legs of the camera are not long enough, and large boulders have to be carried from a



E. A. Cockayne. LIKE HIS SURROUNDINGS.

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gurgling brook. Leaving the pines, we pass to a hillside covered with young spruce. Here a few years ago the heather was carelessly set alight, and half the trees were killed. They still stand gaunt and dead. This is the favourite home of *Lithomia solidaginis*, the golden rod brindle. Why so named I have never learnt. The caterpillar feeds on the bilberry, and the moth never leaves its lonely haunt, miles from the nearest garden, with its inevitable bush of golden rod. They are scarce this year, but there is one. Like the proverbial ostrich, his head is wedged tight under a bit of bark; but, unlike that bird, it does protect him. Indeed, unless you see this moth in its natural position, you can scarcely appreciate the difficulty of seeing one, or, I should say, of recognising one when seen. Everything adds to the deception. In colour and marking it is the exact counterfeit of hundreds of bits of broken, naked twigs on every tree around. The wings are wrapped closely round the body, and slightly crumpled. The photograph is scarcely taken, when down comes the rain, and a heavy shower ends this most enjoyable ramble. Reluctantly we leave



E. A. Cockayne.

IN A GROWTH OF THICK GRASSES.

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these insects, each a gem perfect in its own setting, the work of a million years, yet lasting but a few short days.

SNOW SCENES & WINTER LANDSCAPE.

THE beauty of landscape in winter, and its especial adaptability at that season to photographic portrayal, has not lacked advocates, for there is hardly a writer or teacher who has not at one time or another



E. A. Cockayne.

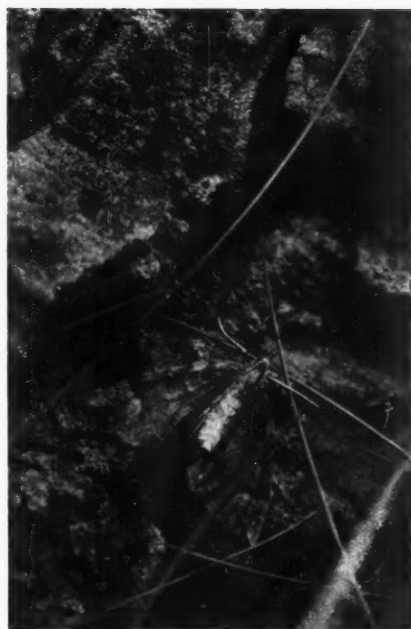
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MOTHS: WELL DEFINED.

frost has settled thickly on every exposed surface there is presented a work of crystallisation as wonderful as it is evanescent.

urged the photographer not to put the camera away when, after summer has given place to autumn, boisterous winds and biting frosts have stripped from the boughs the last red tatters of their leafy robe. There are many reasons why when trees are leafless and fields are bare the camera should be held in readiness. Snow may come at short notice, and as quickly go, and whilst the fairest glades and unsightly wastes are with impartiality wrapped in the same fair mantle of white, opportunities occur for securing pleasing pictures otherwise unprocureable. But snow is not the only visitor that comes to beautify the empty earth when the spirits of the flowers have departed and the voices of the woodland are still. No fingers were ever more deft than those of Jack Frost in decorating black twigs and withered stems with spangle and fringe of silver and white, and in any corner of the garden on a morning after the hoar-

These things are not at all difficult to photograph; they need no special skill, but a word of advice and a little consideration may make the difference between a moderate achievement and a complete success. Practically in all photographic exposures there is present the difficulty arising from the fact that the very light portions of the scene and the very dark objects require a different length of exposure, and so a compromise is made; and experience has taught that as over-exposure is a fault which can be more easily corrected than, and one which does not so seriously matter as, under-exposure, it is best to give an exposure sufficient for the dark portions and do the best we can with the lighter ones. Obviously, in a snow-



E. A. Cockayne.

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MOTHS: NORTHERN SPINACH.

presence of extreme contrasts reaches its maximum. Tree stems and other matters appear almost black, whilst the snow for the most part is white, and it is evident that to expose the plate or film for a length of time just enough to correctly record the all but spotless and unblemished snow would be to render the tree trunks or other objects as mere black silhouettes. On the other hand, to expose long enough to get what little detail there is in the dark objects would ordinarily mean obliterating the innumerable little inequalities in the surface of the snow which contribute so greatly to its beauty. The great expanse of white, if over-exposed, will in development gain maximum density before the less exposed parts have revealed their detail. This is what has been allowed to happen in the great majority of snow-scene photographs one sees. Snow should be seen with its infinitude of dimples, soft undulations causing ever such delicate gradations in light and shade, the imprint of cart-wheels or track of footmarks at once carving the snow surface into hollows and ridges



W. Rawlings.

WINTER IN THE WOODS.

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only less graceful and less subtle than the sculpturing of soft, yielding snow by the wind. But what do we generally see in the photograph? Unbroken, unrelieved white paper, not even a suggestion of the spongy, down-like white, but a harsh blank, which is a libel on the beauty of the snow. There must then be in every part of the snow representation detail and gradation, and the only way to prevent this becoming blocked up whilst the less affected parts, the shadows, are being developed, is to greatly dilute the developer, the use of which checks the accumulation of density, whilst the detail is brought out.

It may seem an unreasonable condition of affairs, but nearly all standard formulæ published, not excepting those issued by manufacturers of dry plates and films, and intended expressly for use with those particular plates, are the better for the addition of more water, and this is especially the case when the scene includes strong contrasts, or the exposure, as in the case

of a snap-shot, has been exceptionally rapid. Whilst a weak developer will preserve finer details in the high lights from becoming smothered up by opaque deposit, there may be another source of their obliteration which may be considered, and that is the defect known as "halation." This most commonly occurs when photographing trees against a bright sky or a window of an interior, and is seen as a light blur, as though the light beyond had spread and encroached on the adjacent dark objects. This is chiefly due to the excess of light passing through the film and through the glass, from the back of which it is reflected, to the sensitive film again. If, however, the back or glass side be coated with a preparation of non-actinic colour, the superfluous light, on reaching it, will be absorbed and halation prevented. There can be little doubt that though sometimes, and with some subjects, the advantage of plates thus "backed" is but small, yet, more or less, there is



J. C. S. Mummery

THE POOL.

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A. Horsley Hinton.

A WINTER'S MORNING.

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a gain in all cases, and an improvement is effected, which is only appreciable when brought to one's notice, by an unbacked result being compared with a print from a "backed" plate, but for such subjects as snow scenes a "backed" plate may be regarded as all but essential.

As nearly every brand of plate is now sold ready-backed by the makers for but a few pence additional price, few probably will care to trouble about backing plates themselves; it may, however, be necessary to do so, in which case a "backing" mixture—usually a red semifluid preparation—can be procured. Or, again, the backing may be made from one of the following formulæ: Crystal caramel powder 1oz., gum arabic $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., water $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; or crystal caramel 1oz., water 5dr., methylated spirit 3dr., mix, and strain through muslin. Another preparation is: Strong gum solution 1oz., caramel 1oz., powdered burnt sienna 1oz. The backing mixture is spread thinly over the back of the plate, and is set up to dry, or if there is no time for drying, a thin piece of paper—red or black for choice—can be laid on the wet surface

and the plate at once placed in the dark slide. When about to develop a backed plate the backing may first be removed with a damp sponge, or no notice need be taken of the backing until development has proceeded a little way, by which time the backing will have become saturated, and will probably be removed by merely rinsing under a tap.

Success, then, in snow subjects and similar scenes depends mainly on a long exposure, a weak developer, and a backed plate. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to give any particulars as to the developer, but as an idea of the degree of dilution which yields satisfactory results, rodinal, of which the standard proportion to water is 1 in 25, acts exceedingly satisfactorily, in such conditions as have been given, when diluted to as much as 1 part in 60 parts of water. Development will take rather longer, which, however, is no disadvantage, giving as it does an opportunity of strengthening or otherwise modifying the developer, should the behaviour of the plate suggest that as necessary.

But winter subjects are by no means confined to snow pictures. The



W. Rawlings.

A WOODLAND ROAD.

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rees and undergrowths by the laneside or in the woods are not one wit less lovely now than in the heyday of their summer leafiness. All the wonderful anatomy of the tree is laid bare, and, seen against the light sky, the intricate tracery of branch and twig may well claim the photographer's attention, the more so that his process enables him to draw all this elaborate interweaving of branches in a manner which no other means could equal. Yet it is less as a study of tree structure than as a picturesque whole, administering to one's æsthetic sense, that landscape in winter will chiefly appeal—that grey, chill-looking haze which enwraps everything beyond a hundred yards or so, makes each further plane recede, and furnishes that aerial perspective often so entirely and disastrously omitted from photographs of Nature; by the roadside and under the trees pools of water have made their appearance and reflect the light, imparting variety and interest to a commonplace spot, whilst along the country road heavy wheels have made deep furrows which wind and zigzag pleasingly in the distance, and anon, when the sun climbs down in the heavens and touches the water in the hollows of the ruts, they will gleam like ribbons of flame.

For our own sakes, as well as for the amusement of others, it were worth while to see if there is not some unsuspected beauty and joy in the midst of this season we have been accustomed to regard as so dreary. Once get away from prejudice, brave the cold wind or damp air, go out into the woods and on to the moors, and you can hardly fail to find effects and scenes which, present at no other season of the year, possess a picturesqueness which is peculiarly suitable for photographic representation.

Although the cold weather which prevails at the moment of writing may have given place to milder days, a word of warning as to the influence which cold weather has on our work may be timely. The chief thing to be

remembered is that it slows the action of almost every solution, and hence in developing the solution should be made up as though for a plate a good deal less exposed, and it will, in many cases, be found necessary to use warm water for making solutions where cold water is usually efficacious. Then when the temperature is very low a good plan is to place the developing dish in a larger one containing hot water. Also the hyposulphite bath might be placed on a shelf on a level with the top of the dark room lamp, and so derive benefit from its heat.

The diminution of daylight and the feebleness of what little there is will have probably compelled us to fall back on photographic papers which can be printed by artificial light, and the abolition of the dark room which the so-called "gaslight" papers have made possible will decide the choice in their favour. Either as prints on paper, or as post-cards, these can be produced in the complete comfort of a living room, with practically no preparation or disarrangement. Moreover, there is no reason why the results should not be as good in general quality as anything obtainable with ordinary dark-room bromide. Perhaps the chief secret of success is to give a rather full exposure, for it must be remembered that as the paper is sufficiently sensitive to the light to admit of a print being made by it, even though it be at quite close quarters, it follows that the paper will still be susceptible to that same light during development, though in a greatly reduced degree in accordance with the greater distance it is removed. During the brief period occupied by the development of a fully-exposed print, the effect of the light will be inappreciable; but if the paper has been insufficiently exposed and a protracted development rendered necessary, the print, especially in the high lights, runs the risk of "fogging." With most of the developers in general use with gaslight papers and cards, considerable variety in the colour of the developed image may be obtained by prolonging exposure and restraining the developer by the addition of a 10 per cent. solution of bromide of potassium, four drops or more as required, to each ounce of developer made as follows: Edinol, 4oz.; sodium sulphite, 2oz.; potassium carbonate, 2oz.; water, 25oz. It is well to notice carefully the instructions accompanying the particular brand of paper in use, as with some an acid-fixing bath is recommended, but with others it is not. The acid-fixing bath, when required, is made as follows: Hyposulphite of soda, 16oz. in 64oz. water, to which add the following solution: Sodium sulphite, 1oz.; glacial acetic acid, 1½oz.; alum, 1oz.; water, to make up to 14oz. A. HORSLEY HINTON.

ON THE GREEN.

THERE is a chance for the Rules of Golf at last—they have formed a Bar Golfing Society. It always has been imputed to the framers of golf law that they are imbeciles in the art of Bill-drafting, and that through nothing, except an Act of Parliament, can a coach and four be driven with as much ease as through most of the golfing rules; but now that we have a body of lawyers enrolled for the special purposes of the game, there will be no more uncertainty and no more delay, for these things do not enter into anyone's conceptions as possibly associated with the law. That, therefore, is all right, in the best of all possible worlds. The more immediate purpose for which the Bar Society has been constituted, seems to be to arrange competitions and team matches—Probate and Divorce against the Old Bailey, and that kind of thing, as we may presume—amongst its members; and, doubtless, it will make for the gaiety of bench and bar. At present the legal golfers resort very numerously to Woking, where the frequenter of the Old Bailey may expect to meet many old friends at the week end.

A golfing acquaintance, who used at one time to suffer from insomnia, writes to me that he is quite cured of that most distressing ill, and generously suggests that I should make known to others his means of salvation. His method is a modification, really, of the ancient plan of counting sheep going through a gap. He goes over, in mental retrospect, all his strokes on the last occasion that he played golf, until he falls asleep. It sounds simple, though whether painful or pleasant depends much on the golfing circumstances recalled. Yet can it, after all, be right? Is there not some mistake? Are they not his opponent's strokes, rather than his own, that he must pass in retrospect in order to win the blessed sleep? It is not the account of our own play that has ever been wont to appear to us as a soporific, but other people's account of their play. We all must know friends who would be very precious as sleep producers if we could ensure their presence at the right time: as it is, we have to endure much from them at the wrong time. To con over the other man's strokes would surely be the better way. Our own would seem altogether too exciting.

The Cambridge Golfers did very well against the Woking Club at Woking last week, and the result adds to the prospective interest of the Oxford and Cambridge match. They did not win. It seems that Woking does not get beaten. But they got a very good half, each side gaining an equal number of matches. The Cambridge strength consists in the evenness of the side all down. The best men are likely to be beaten by the best of Oxford, but it is just possible that the tail might manage to wag the side to victory. Still the Oxford side is good in the tail too—it is thus that the Universities generally hold their own, or a little more than their own, with the local clubs they play.

Congestion on the St. Andrews links is exercising the local authorities

severely. A tariff for play on the old course, to be imposed on all but rate-payers, seems to be one of the suggestions before the powers. But is this to apply to members of the Royal and Ancient Club, whose subscriptions virtually maintain the course in its present state of imperfection? If that is the proposition, it seems a little hard. What would mend matters a good deal would be if, by bribes, threats, or flattery, the ladies could be induced to give up the small Highland area where they putt up and down hill in the summer evenings. If that could be managed, then it would be possible to carry back the start for the so-called new course (there is, however, an even newer one in construction between the second course and the sea) to a point about level with the start for the old course. One of the great reasons why people will not play on the present new course is that you have to walk a quarter of a mile or more from the clubhouse before you begin to play. If they could see the start, and await their time, at the clubhouse window they would go to the new course nearly as readily as to the old. Probably they never would go quite as readily. There is all the attraction of tradition and association that is the sole property of the old course. As it is, everybody tells you what a magnificent links the new one is, but when you go to St. Andrews you never find any of those who have talked in this strain voluntarily enjoying its magnificence. They all prefer to crawl round the old course, suffering abominable delays, rather than enjoy an unimpeded game on the new.

Certainly the best of the cheap rubber-cored balls that I have tried is the "Elastine," produced by the Improved Golf Ball Company. Its cost is only the moderate sum of one shilling, a cent. per cent. reduction. I cannot speak with anything like complete confidence of the ball, because I have only had two specimens to try. All balls do not come up to sample form, and of these two one got itself lost just as easily as if it had been a two-shilling ball. When lost, it showed no sign of cracking, whereas the other ball, which did not lose itself, does show a very slight crack after nine holes play. But I have known a Haskell do this, and worse than this. The merit of the ball is that it really does seem to fly, and behave itself generally as if it had cost double the money. All this is so much to the good, by way of promise, even if it is not yet conclusive. They are smaller and heavier than the Haskell, but do not leave the club with less liveliness.

There is a good article in last week's *Golf Illustrated*, under the initials "A. H. M. G.," entitled "What is Advice?" meaning, under what circumstances does a man put himself within peril of the law that imposes penalties for the taking of advice from anyone who is not his caddie or his partner in a foursome. Obviously, if a man you never have seen before comes to you and says "this is a brassy shot for you," you cannot be held liable; therefore the modern rule restricts the offence to the receiving of advice "willingly." It sounds rather like the Scriptural counsel about suffering fools "gladly"; and no doubt analogies are to be seen. But what may you do "willingly"? You may ask a question about the rules, and, in fact, questions of local bye-laws often are asked by the stranger of the native. And probably you may ask a question of geography, as, for instance, "Is there a bunker between me and the hole?" In fact, as it appears, you could put any question you pleased in such a way that the law could not trip you in it. And, after all, the advice that you get, in the sense in which the rule means it, is so very rarely of the slightest use that the rule might quite well, and perhaps better, be the dead letter that it is. But now, as said at the beginning, that we have a Bar Golfing Society, we have a right to expect that much light and learning will be thrown into dark places like these.

Mr. J. L. Low has written "Concerning Golf" (Hodder and Stoughton), and begins by saying that it is the peculiar game of a peculiar people. The book is written for the most part round and about golf, and it is well written, amusingly written. There is a very good chapter on putting. The strength of Mr. Low's play is in his putting, and the strongest and best part of his

book is that which is concerning putting. No man of intelligence can read this chapter without feeling that he is going to putt the better for it; and to acquire this feeling is to acquire three-fourths of the essentials for good putting; that is to say, confidence. Then Mr. Low takes in a very good collaborator for the driving, in which his own game is rather weak—Mr. H. H. Hilton. Mr. Hilton is not one of the prodigious drivers, but he is one of the very best of golfers, and he has thought hard "concerning golf." He knows how it ought to be done, as well as he knows how to do it. There are not many that combine these faculties to the same degree. The chapters, or some of them, are based on the articles that Mr. Low has contributed to the *Athletic News*, and they bear the signs of their origin here and there. Mr. Low discusses the Haskell ball, from the point of view of one of its opponents, arguing that it has spoiled the scientific length of courses, and so on—the familiar arguments; but he forgets to mention that the reason it has become popular is chiefly because it is such a pleasant ball to play with, more pleasant than the "gutti," and that we do, after all is said and done, play golf mainly for pleasure. The book reflects Mr. Low's own idiosyncrasies all through. It is not the worse for that, but it cannot be said to be written without prejudice; and where the writer is discussing the mode of playing the game the writing is, as the title says, "concerning golf," pleasantly gossiping about it, rather than going very deep into the principles. It is suggestive, however, and easy to read and follow, which all writing of the like kind is not. It is significant of Mr. Low's predilections that he speaks of the Sandwich course in these terms: "A golfer who knew only Sandwich would find himself at Hoylake much in the position of a child entering for an Indian



H. Burkinshaw.

SNOW SCENES: A SILENCED HIGHWAY.

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Civil Service examination. Sandwich golf is simple and bold, but it requires no great variety of play; the Hoylake course is not so attractive at first sight, but the golf it affords is more subtle." All this is perfectly sound criticism. The best thing in the book, however, and the best by a long way, is, as has been said, the putting chapter—not the chapter on putters, of which, in our opinion, Mr. Low makes far too much, but the chapter on how to use the putter. It is a subject that Mr. Low thoroughly understands in theory as well as in practice, and it is full of useful hints. Naturally, Mr. Low is strong on the advantage of slicing wooden club shots up to the hole, in some preference to the more direct approach with iron clubs.

Next to the putting chapter we like best the author's comments on the frame of mind to be encouraged in match play, and especially what he has to say as to the right kind of attitude in which to face the adversity of the "losing game," as it is called. In the gallant fight he made in the final of the amateur championship against Mr. Hilton the last time the championship was played at St. Andrews, we see that he can carry into effect all that he here puts down in theory. By the by, what does Mr. Low, who thinks so highly of Mr. Hilton's golfing judgment, and also thinks so highly of St. Andrews links, think of Mr. Hilton's poor opinion of that classic course? As the Yankee says, "We want to know."

In the book is a chapter on "Style"; and, however we may agree or disagree with the substance of most of it, there is one sin of omission that strikes us with the very greatest astonishment, namely, that among the styles that the writer picks out for admiration and comment, he makes no mention at all of that of Mr. John Ball, which is, in our judgment, the most perfect that can be seen. Largely, however, we must suppose this to be a question of taste and eye, and not to be argued; and Mr. Ball, after all, can afford to dispense with compliments.

LADY DIANA BEAUCLERK

NO book published this Christmastide is likely to excel in beauty and attractiveness Mrs. Steuart Erskine's "Lady Diana Beauclerk, Her Life and Work" (Fisher Unwin). It is sumptuously printed, bound, and illustrated, and the subject-matter has more than a temporary interest. Lady Di, as she was familiarly called, was a prominent figure in the brilliant latter half of the eighteenth century. A portrait of her by an unknown hand shows us a



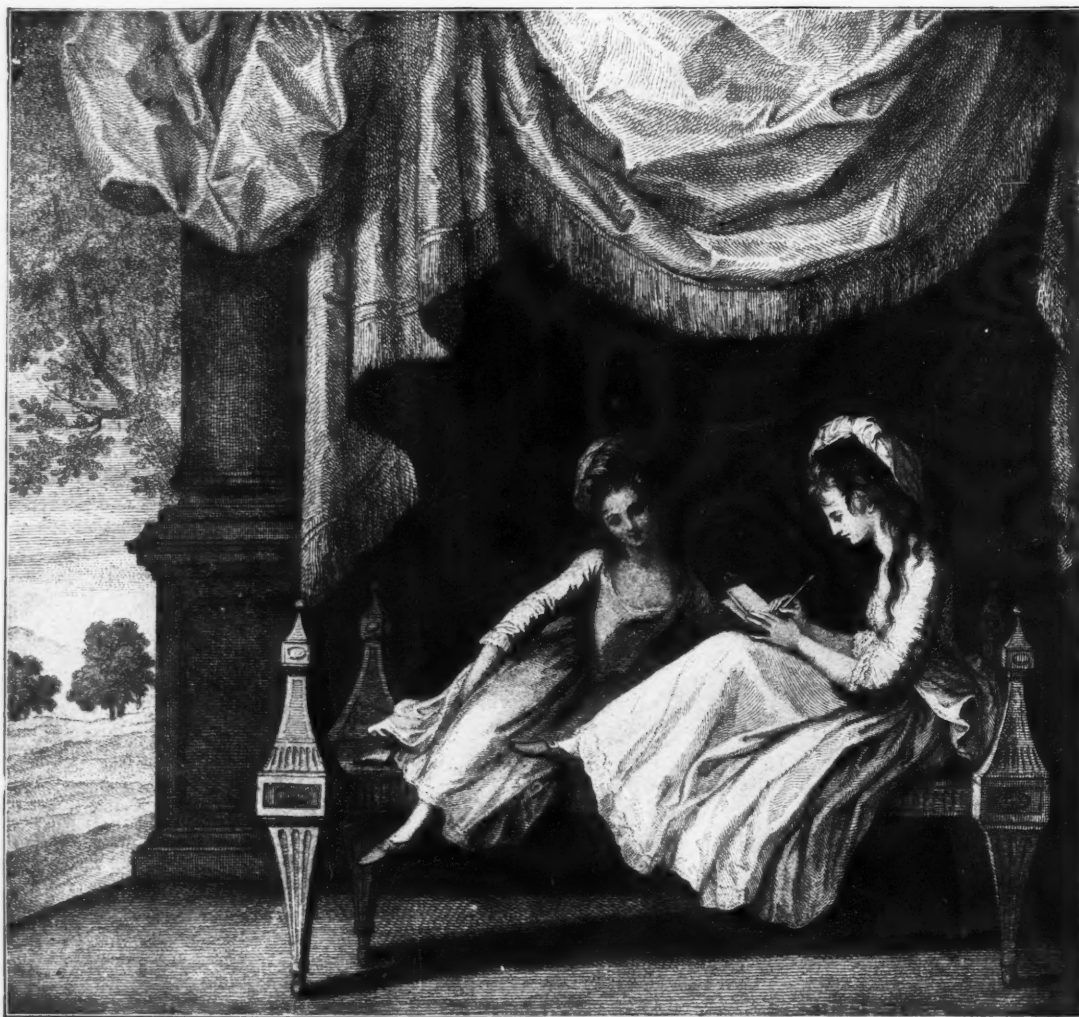
CUPIDS GARDENING.

singularly graceful young woman, with refined and gentle features, and a figure whose fine contour and perfect proportions are not concealed by the raiment worn when dressing was a fine art. She was distinctly a woman of Society, and her life is typical of an age full of charm and gaiety, and but slightly encumbered with morals. Her father was the fifth Earl of Sunderland and the third Duke of Marlborough, her great-grand-parents having been the famous Duke and Sarah, his wife, who died at eighty-four, when the subject of this memoir was aged eight. Her childhood was spent at Blenheim, where she studied the old masters in the priceless collection of pictures there, and played in the gardens and shrubberies, growing up "tall and slim with brown hair and grey eyes, and all the traditional beauty of her family." She was the eldest of the family, which consisted of another girl and three boys.

Most of us have a fair idea, gained from novels and plays and letters, of the gay world to which she was introduced as a young lady of fashion:

"Gaiety was the order of the day—and, indeed, of the night; scandal pranced unashamed, fortunes were won and lost in an evening, reputations in the twinkling of an eye; tongues wagged apparently without ceasing, for breakfast parties broke up for loo or hazard, dinner parties began at three or four o'clock and lasted till evening, when routs, ridottos, festinos, masquerades, and fireworks persisted until the small hours of the morning."

Into this area of pleasure, this paradise of macaronis, the Duchess of Marlborough led her two daughters, or rather drove them in the family coach. They were, in the language of the day, "monstous fine, 'pon my soul," and unmistakably *bon ton*. In those days the Duchess of Bedford kept house in Bloomsbury Square; Lady Clermont from St. James's Place issued invitations to take tea and a walk in the park; and Mrs. Montague gave



THE TWO SISTERS.

parties in Berkeley Square. It was the age of Reynolds and Johnson and the coffee-house wits, of whom more anon. Lady Di did not succumb to the prevailing passion for gambling, but she had not been long in this world of wigs and paint and powder before she had the misfortune to meet and marry Frederick, Viscount Bolingbroke, nephew and heir to the statesman of that name. "Bully," as he was nicknamed, was a handsome rake, but the girl of those days did not wince at a man's past. According to a contemporary account, a fashionable company was teasing Lord Bolingbroke to marry, when he turned quickly round to Lady Di and said, "Will you have me?" "Yes, to be sure," she replied. They were of the same age (twenty-three) when this happened, and the marriage took place within a month of the proposal, but it was not a happy one. "Bully" had inherited a taste for drink and other dissipations that he did not check after the wedding. He was both cruel and unfaithful, and Lady Di had a most unhappy time. Later she appears to have sought consolation elsewhere, and undoubtedly fell in love with "that fascinating individual and acknowledged wit, 'Topham Beauclerk.'" Having once made up her mind, she followed out her thoughts with the fearless disregard of appearances and gossip that distinguished the old English aristocrat, declaring, when talk arose of a divorce, that when it was obtained she would marry Topham. Husband and wife separated, and were finally divorced in 1768, after eleven years of married life, during which she had borne three children to Lord Bolingbroke. Two days after the divorce Lady Di and Topham Beauclerk were married at St. George's, Hanover Square, where their names still appear on the register. Her second husband is thus described:

"Topham Beauclerk, whose fascinating personality had overshadowed Lady Di's life at a time when that life offered her very little worth having, was the only son of Lord Sidney Beauclerk, and the grandson of Charles II. and Nell Gwynn. Nell Gwynn, that impudent comedian, as Evelyn calls her, 'the indiscreetest and wildest thing that ever was in a court,' seems to have handed down her beauty and her undoubted wit as a legacy to her descendant, who also possessed in a large measure the talent of *raconteur* which distinguished his royal ancestor."

If we may judge from contemporary evidence, Beauclerk was a most brilliant conversationalist. Johnson, Gibbon, Burke, Garrick, Charles Fox, and Lord Charlemont are among those who delighted in his eloquence. Its salient feature was touched off by Mrs. Thrale:

"Beauclerk was first upon the languid list of *ton* people. Dr. Johnson, who was all emphasis himself, felt *apri-*

of such a character; a man of quality who disdained effect in conversation, to which *he* never came unprepared."

But despite this accomplishment he was irritable, sardonic, and acid, while his ill-temper increased with his loss of health, so that Lady Diana once again missed the prize of domestic happiness. One thing which she gained was leisure. Beauclerk went on spending his mornings at the literary club, and, as the custom of the times was, his evenings at the tavern. Lady Di the while was busy with her pencil, decorating rooms, illustrating books, designing for Wedgwood, drawing for Bartolozzi, and as her biographer most felicitously says:

"Her inimitable water-colour drawings breathe the spirit of a woodland Arcady, and have all the decorative quality which distinguished the art of the century in which she lived. Here we find the little chubby children, in drawing whom she excelled, for she drew a child in the manner of one who had studied child-life and loved it; the child bacchanels with grape-crowned heads, the Cupids, and the baby Pans, laughing, quarrelling, playing in the woodland groves."

Where she got her inspiration from it is rather difficult to say. Sir Joshua Reynolds was one of the most frequent visitors at the house of the Beauclerks, but her work shows little trace of his influence, and Mrs. Steuart Erskine is probably right in tracing it to the French School, and particularly to Watteau. The illustrations which, by the kindness of the publisher, we are enabled to reproduce, scarcely bear this out; but the most characteristic of her pictures are in colour, and therefore not suitable for our pages.

A biography always after a certain point begins to grow sad. At opening, all is brave and hopeful. Young spirits and youthful gaiety carry the tale over all obstacles, and then comes the time when companions slip away, and, in Omar's metaphor, there are many down-turned glasses at the feast. Beauclerk's recuperative power grew less and less as he grew older. He died in 1780; and for a long time after she had recovered from her first grief Lady Diana was active and happy. Her pencil was for ever busy, and she lived in a constant whirl of society. Later, her two daughters got married; she had a disease in her fingers, her eyesight failed, and she was much worried with many troubles. Her first husband, Bolingbroke, passed away soon after Beauclerk. Johnson, Garrick, Reynolds, and others of her early friends died, and a great loneliness overtook her. Finally, her own time came, and she could have no better epitaph than a passage from her biography:

"She had lived her life strenuously, and drunk deeply of the cup of life, both for pleasure and for pain. She had always, in spite of the one blot on her character, borne a high front to the world, and been considered not only as a beauty and a wit, but as a woman with a very high and noble disposition."

In addition to being an account of a most interesting personality, this book is full of details and anecdotes of her period, and the reader is in the best of company from the first page to the last.

NEW ZEALAND TROUT.

THERE is always something attractive about moving an animal from its accustomed habitat and seeing what will happen to it in a new environment. The experiment has all the excitement of the unknown, for the result is beyond calculation. Had it been precisely known that the British rabbit would multiply as it has done on importation into Australia, it is not likely that the colonists would have permitted its innocent-seeming face to look at their country, albeit they bear with him better now that they have discovered that his frozen corpse has a value on the London



A CHILD.



PORTRAIT OF A GIRL.



THE MILKMAID.



FISHING IN TIDAL WATERS.

market. Neither would the Americans, when suffering under a caterpillar plague which was destroying all the trees in Madison Square, have sent for "English sparrows," as they call them, to extirpate that nuisance. They would have preferred, like wise Hamlets, to bear the ills they had.

Perhaps there is less risk with the introduction of fish. It is certainly hard to see how any evil that they may do can extend beyond their native aquatic element. But even of this it behoves us to speak with caution. We cannot say. It would not greatly surprise us to hear that trout imported to the Antipodes developed all the vices of the pike—of which, indeed, they are far from wholly guiltless in our own land. Is it not the case that one of the native New Zealand parrots, once a harmless vegetarian, has turned into a sanguinary carnivorous bird since the sheep were introduced?

Let us look for a moment, however, at these pictures of the trout of New Zealand (that is to say, the trout that have descended in New Zealand rivers from ova imported from this country), and we can hardly have a doubt that all is very well indeed with this effort in acclimatisation, even if others have had a very different issue. It is an ingenious idea, that of the photographer, to sling up his fish before the camera beside a yard measure. It gives a good notion of the fish. The length, of course, it shows with accuracy, and the form and quality of the fish can be judged from the basis of the length measurement. We can form a very good notion of what such fish would feel like if we could weigh and handle them. They are trout—real brown trout: you can see the red spots on them; not in colour, of course, but in the suggestions that photography is able to give of them. It has been said that brown trout in New Zealand rivers, going down to the sea, get the look of sea-trout; but that is not said to be the case in the rivers from which these specimens are taken. In size, to be sure, they surpass anything that we have in our rivers of the brown trout sort; but they do not show other differences—as yet, at least. There is a difference in habit: they go to the salt water. Not all brown trout in New Zealand do this; but some of them do it. They do not go, as the sea-trout do, for long at a time, and do not have their season right out of fresh water, but spend a deal of their lives in the estuaries, going backward and forward, out with the ebbing and in with the flowing tide. Are they on their way to becoming sea-trout, in the sense in which we understand the full meaning of that name—fish that live mainly in the sea, and come up the rivers chiefly for the spawning business, and for that only? We cannot say. But this we can say—that the habit of going up and down with the tide in the mouths of the rivers is very much the habit that we find with the British smaller sea-trout (grilse of the sea-trout, as they are called sometimes), the "finnock" of some of the Scotch rivers. These dodge to and fro with the tide very much as these New Zealand trout are described as doing; and we well know that animals in their infancy

are apt to show analogies to the habits that were common to even the older members of their species when the species itself was younger. These are interesting conjectures rather than views to be seriously held.

The size to which these Antipodean trout will grow is prodigious. They grow biggest of all in the big lakes. This is the description given by the correspondent to whose kindness we are indebted, more or less indirectly, for the pictures: "The lakes near here"—that is, near Christchurch—"which are about sixty miles from the sea, and very deep, are known to be well stocked with great numbers of trout, and they have been taken in nets over 25lb. in weight. One of my sons speared one which weighed over 21lb., and its head is now, I think, in the Museum here. Several of the lakes are very large. One near here is twelve miles long, and of enormous depth, and is swarming with trout, which come down the river from the lake. Another lake, further south, is between fifty and sixty miles long, and

is known to be over 1,000ft. in depth, and is also swarming with trout. The scenery surrounding these lakes is wonderfully fine, with mountains rising up to 10,000ft."

There is no mystery as to the reason of the trout growing up to these great sizes. They are in water teeming with food, and we know that size in fish is, within limits, determined by the amount and quality of the food. These trout were turned out into rivers and lakes in which their food had been multiplying for countless generations, while there had been no trout to eat it. Whether the time will come when the numbers and voracity of the trout will overtake the food supply, and the trout in consequence cease to increase in weight and retrograde, we cannot say, but it seems likely that this will occur. In the meantime the sport is perfectly glorious. The big fish will take a fly as readily as a little Highland burn trout. The fine lot of fish seen in one of the illustrations were all taken in a morning by a son of the correspondent quoted above, with tackle with which he had been catching the shy trout of the Test a few months before. The very shape of the fish in itself is almost a guarantee that they must be free risers, not bottom feeders, nor cannibals. There are no lantern jaws among them. At the same time, it may be noted that the picture of the gentleman up to his middle in the water wielding a double-handed rod may be taken as evidence that not all the fishing for these New Zealand trout is done with light rod and tackle, albeit there are still some survivors among us at home of the old style of fishing with a double-handed rod for the chalk-stream trout. They are fast dying out, however.

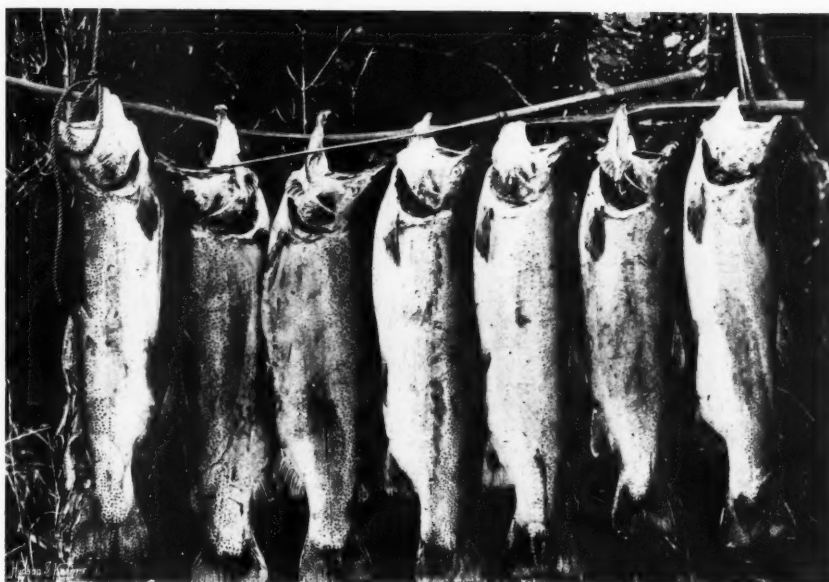
We speak of these trout of New Zealand as derived from British ova, but this is not necessarily true now in the immediate sense. There is a great trout-hatching establishment at Masterton, and thousands upon thousands of ova are sent thence annually



A BASKET OF NEW ZEALAND TROUT.

to the rivers of both the islands of New Zealand, besides the numbers that we may suppose to be bred naturally on the spawning-beds of the rivers. And the numbers of the New Zealand trout are hardly at all less remarkable, as we are told, than their size. Generally speaking, the rivers are of large size; but sometimes it happens that they run down stone dry in a season of drought, and then the trout are picked up by bucketsful, and even cartloads. They are taken away—we are assured that this is no figure of speech, but the literal truth—to feed the pigs.

What the future of these trout is likely to be we cannot foresee. Perhaps they will turn into sea-trout. Perhaps their growth and increase will be arrested as their food supply becomes reduced. For the present we may be grateful that there is, even so far off as this, a spot on this little earth where we still can have sport of this glorious kind. The trout, as it seems, are wiser in their generation than the salmon. Salmon ova, as well as trout ova, have been imported plentifully into New Zealand. Yet the salmon, it is said, go to the sea, and never come back again to spawn in their natal rivers. They are lost. Their case is analogous with what there is too much reason to fear is the case of the rainbow-trout which we import into British waters. They, too, go down to the sea, and are lost. They do not come back. So it appears. But appearances in such a case as this are apt to be very deceptive. If you will



THE SMALLEST FISH WEIGHED TWELVE POUNDS.

is only two in 10,000, the chances of our seeing many ascending fish do not appear large. So the New Zealanders should not despair too soon of their salmon. But, in the meantime, what need have they of salmon if they have trout, and trout that will take the fly, up to and over 30lb.?

The results New Zealanders have obtained from imported ova, however, seem to indicate that a little more enterprise on the part of those interested in the rivers of this country might effect something to compensate for the diminishing numbers of our salmon, about which we have heard so much lately.

I notice that New Zealand papers speak of some at least of these trout as "Loch Leven brown trout." It does not much matter, probably, whether you use burn trout ova, Loch Leven trout ova, or ova from trout of the chalk streams—they would all come to a common aspect in a new environment in course of a few generations. For our ordinary rivers at home the best importation seems a cross of Highland burn trout (to give vigour and free rising) with the chalk stream trout (to give size). The New Zealanders hardly seem to lack for size. At present, at all events, the feed on their rivers is so splendid that it would soon make sound fish out of feeble. And whether or not this will go on for ever, the big trout in New Zealand are likely to last our lifetime. Then, if the deluge comes, what matter? It should give good fishing.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE "LEMON SKYE."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—My attention having been called to the correspondence in your paper regarding "Lemon Skyes," I desire to point out some inaccuracies in regard to these dogs, more especially as I am supposed by some to have been the writer of the letter signed "A. M." The first of the Kilbride white breed was obtained for my father by Mr. Harry MacDonald of Portree, from a Mr. MacNaughton in that village, about the year 1880. For some years previously white terriers in Skye were supposed to be non-existent, although in years gone by there were two well-known breeds of white, one belonging to a Captain McMillan of Camasunary, and the other to the Island of Scalpa. At the present time the only real representatives of the old breed of white Skyes that I know of are those owned by Mr. Harry MacDonald of Viewfield, Portree. The strain owned by Mrs. Blackburne, although from the Kilbride stock, has, to my own knowledge, been crossed with a long-haired grey stock, and probably this has produced the long coat shown in the photograph of Nikola, as well as the marked creamy colour which has induced her to adopt the description "lemon." Those bred by my father did not possess this long coat of hair, and although the coat when old had a creamy look, it was never, in my estimation, sufficient to justify the description "lemon." As a matter of interest, I may add that the old fox-hunter, or brochdair, a class of man now extinct, preferred a white terrier to any other for his work, as he considered foxes bolted more readily to them than to blacks or greys.—A. D. MACKINNON (late of Kilbride).

BREEDING CAVALRY HORSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Being profoundly struck with the beautiful specimens of the Sledmere brood mares given in your Christmas Number, I hope you will find a place in your paper for a letter from me on the subject. You ask: "Why have we the best race-horses and the worst-mounted cavalry in the world?" You say: "The Sledmere Stud exists, and rightly so, to breed winners. . . . That at Sledmere and its like have been bred for a century or more the horses that



TWO FINE SPECIMENS.

consider for a moment you will see that it cannot fail to be so. We may say, I suppose, that a lady salmon will about do her duty in keeping the stock going if she produces two salmon in her life. Now the number of eggs laid by a lady salmon is put, at a low computation, at 10,000. This means that if the stock is to be kept fairly going, about 9,998 will perish in immaturity for every two that come to be salmon or grilse. At what stage the greatest mortality occurs would be a question too long to discuss here and now; but the proportion of ova to salmon gives some notion of the proportion between the number of smolts that go down to rivers and the salmon that return. We may seem to put an enormous number of ova or fry into a river, and yet if the proportion of salmon that would normally return

give England to-day the command of the world's market for breeding stock." You mention that "Sledmere yearlings so often fetch long prices at Doncaster," and immediately refer to the pedigrees of "the beautiful mares at Sledmere." You remark that the Turf performances of these mares have never been surpassed, and that "while such studs as Sledmere remain we hold the key to the horse market of the world." After looking at the pictures, the latter remark seems to hit the bull's-eye exactly in the very centre of truth and answer your own question: "Why we have the best race-horses in the world?" Your pictures of the Sledmere brood mares, and reference to their surroundings, answer the same. And your question, "Why we have the worst-mounted cavalry in the world?" is also answered. Because we breed all our other horse stock on the reverse principle to that in vogue at Sledmere. You say the second-class horses—from studs like Sledmere—become useful stallions, and, perhaps, under the auspices of the Royal Commission on Horse-breeding, improve our hunters. Yet we have the worst-mounted cavalry in the world. Useful? with a question, and perhaps with emphasis. First, No. 1 question: I may here ask if we can be beaten for ordinary light-weight hunters, from any price up? No. 2 question: If it is possible to obtain a good heavy-weight at any reasonable price? Question No. 3: If we have light-weights or heavy-weights to point out on any farm or centre of horse-breeding in our realms, whether conducted for pleasure or otherwise, of any particular type, or if we have any foundation stock of any type at all, to refer to as of hunter race? Question No. 4: If the Polo and Riding Pony Society or Hunters' Improvement Society have done anything towards providing the market with any ponies or hunters true to any type or size which could justly be referred to as foundation stock of any race whatsoever, I will answer my own questions: 1. I should say England could hardly be beaten for ordinary light-weight hunters, and that our market in that commodity is well provided to suit all purses, and in every variety of beauty, shape, colour, and breeding. 2. That heavy-weight hunters to gallop are not to be had, except as luxuries for the very rich. 3. That all our light-weights may be best described as a job lot, which a visit to any meet at the country-side will confirm; that no two (priceless though they may be) heavy-weights are of the same pattern. 4. That the Polo and Riding Pony Society and Hunters' Improvement Society have no foundation stock of any race or type to show, and have done nothing towards supplying the market with anything to answer any particular demand. Consequently, here we have plainly demonstrated cause and effect. The reason we have the worst-mounted cavalry in the world is that in breeding hunters and polo ponies we invert the principle of the Sledmere Stud, and breed from mares of any sort, kind, or description, using as sires "second-class stallions" of unimpeachable pedigree. If all hunters, light-weight and heavy-weight, polo ponies, light-weight and heavy-weight, had pedigree on the dam's side, they would be of one type and one race. So true is this, that the Polo and Riding Pony Society found that the inevitable second-class stallion with the moorland mare—also of unmixed blood, please note—was the only way to be certain of a polo pony. So they set to work to mix up the fountain-head of pony existence, and are, as quickly as possible, converting moorland ponies into hunters, and helping to provide the hunter market, while the Hunters' Improvement Society, by using the second-class pedigree stallion with mares of any breed, sort, or kind, as often as not procure beautiful little stunted weeds, and help to provide the pony market. The miracle is why, after countless years of experiment, the question should ever be raised. The answer is that, to detract from the miraculous aspect, horse-breeding is an Englishman's "hobby." He doesn't wish to supply the market, but to astound the world with an exotic, generated at enormous expense of time, trouble, and money. The moral



of this letter is that if we wish to have the "best-mounted cavalry in the world" we had better turn our "second-class stallions" into light-weight hunters, using them to a hardy existence, and breaking them by gentle means thereto, and also to harness, by which course, if adopted, a ready sale would be found, as they only require good manners to be eagerly run after by ladies who fancy quality before anything else in horseflesh; and that every pedigree mare or filly discarded from the Turf should be preserved with the utmost vigilance to be used as dams for half-bred hunters,

whose stock, colts and fillies, half-bred, would become the fountain-head of a race of hunters all half-bred, reverting to blood on the dam's side.—JOSEPH SMITH MONTECUTE, Woolhouse, Midhurst, Sussex.

THE DEADLY WIRE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—To supplement the remarks of "E. K. R." last week I send a photograph of a golden plover which injured its wing against the telegraph wires during a recent snowstorm. It will never be able to fly, so I have



turned it into a walled garden, where it will have the companionship of a green plover. I think it is a young bird of this year.—T. A. METCALFE, Beacon Cottage, Pickering.

A WHITE SPARROW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In addition to the observations concerning white birds in your recent issues, I may add that a farmer told me that a few days ago he saw a sparrow entirely white, pecking barley in a field along with other sparrows, who seemed to recognise the bird as one of their own kind. He told me that it is the first sparrow he had seen about these parts with any trace of white plumage whatever.—T. P. HARTLEY RUSSELL, Weobley, Herefordshire.

THE PIED BLACKBIRD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Two years ago we observed in our garden in Somersetshire a blackbird with a distinct white ring round his neck. He took up his abode there, and it has been interesting to note the encroachment of white feathers on the black of his plumage. He is now quite as pied as a magpie, but though he has mated two springs *chez nous*, we have observed no progeny with the same peculiarity. Our gardener, an old son of the soil, calls him a "colly" bird, and tells me that in time he will be pure white. He seems never to leave our lawn and paddock, so let us hope he will escape the "collector."—E. ADDINGTON.

SANITARY INSPECTORS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As a constant reader of your non-political journal, I beg to congratulate you on your able article in a recent issue on the Westminster bribery case. I also think with you that it is high time that the great powers invested in the officials of our governing bodies should be curtailed, and that bribery and corruption by anyone should be made a penal offence, both for the one who gives the bribe and also for the one who receives it. Then we should not hear so frequently of the impossibility of doing business in London and elsewhere without resorting to this most degrading of practices—viz., bribery. I should like also very much to hear the opinions of other readers of your journal on the subject, as you are the only one of all the papers to take the subject up. I trust you will be the means of solving the problem of bribery and corruption *versus* honesty and integrity.—S. A. JONES.

A LESSON IN BOTANY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of what I consider a most delightful family group. Our gardener's small daughters have just brought his dinner to him, and he has seized the opportunity to teach them something of the mystery of his trade, at the same time to gratify his own pardonable vanity by exhibiting one of the plants which he has been cherishing for months, and which has at last rewarded his patience by bursting into flower. It always seems to me that it is a good sign when a man takes so much interest in his work as to go to the trouble to discuss it with his family and friends, and surely it must always be for good to teach the rising generation as much as possible of the ways of Nature and the beautiful things she produces.—G. H.